



Spring 1955

Quarterly

CAMPUS AT NIGHT

A portfolio

by Tom Smith

TO H. LELAND VARLEY

With gratitude, respect, and affection.

Quarterly

Spring 1955

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-chief Sam Kaplan
Prose editor Erwin Pally
Poetry editor Lorna Regolsky

LITERARY BOARD

Jan Chaskes
Barbara Gillespie
Ronald B. Fitzpatrick
Anna Downes
Ralph Drinkwater
Madeleine May
Joan La Chance

Secretary Elaine Siegel
Business Manager Robert Chalue
Advertising Assistant Edward Cohen
Literary Advisor Richard Haven
Business Advisor Lawrence Dickinson

VOL. XVIII—NUMBER 2

Published four times a year by the undergraduate student body of the University of Massachusetts. QUARTERLY offices are in Memorial Hall, room 1.

The magazine is printed by Hamilton I. Newell, Inc., 534 Main Street, Amherst.

CONTENTS

COMMENT IN PRINT	2
TRAFFIC LIGHTS AND STRAWBERRY SODAS <i>Edmund Skellings</i>	4
BAPTISM AND EXTREME UNCTION <i>Joseph Von Deck</i>	7
LORNA'S PAGE <i>Lorna Regolsky</i>	9
TAKE ME TO THE PARK <i>Erwin Pally</i>	10
MARIA <i>Madeleine May</i>	13
FOUR POEMS <i>Barbara Steplar</i>	14
CAMPUS AT NIGHT <i>A portfolio by Tom Smith</i>	21
NOT TO THE SWIFT <i>Barbara Gillespie</i>	32
MYSTIC CANDLES <i>David Licciardi</i>	36
BOOK REVIEWS	37
TWO POEMS <i>Barbara Smith</i>	40
The Winner of the <i>Quarterly's</i> 1954-55 High School Literary Magazine	41

COVER: ELAINE ABBE

COMMENT IN PRINT

It has been a long time since the last *Quarterly* reached the campus. To the staff the interval has seemed interminable, but more important, unnecessary.

Some have said that the magazine should not mention its suspension and the subsequent institution of censorship (or "review", to employ Mr. Mather's euphemism). "You are a literary magazine," say some. "Do not lower yourselves to using the *Quarterly* to fight out another round in this relatively unimportant matter."

So speak the draftsmen for the "higher than thou and above all that" school of lit publications. But freedom is not gained and held by being above it and the struggle for it.

The *Quarterly* is not a free publication, for non-staff persons must—in the case of the advisor—and may—in the case of the president—edit everything in the magazine. The president of the university insists that the advisors read everything we intend to publish, and when the advisor thinks that an article or poem should not be printed he must

turn the material over to the president of the school.

Then Mr. Mather makes the final decision.

It has come to a sorry day when the university president must take the time to edit. He insists, of course, that such censorship (or "review") is needed because the *Q* has been obscene or vulgar, and because it has written of the "tenderloin sections" (Mr. Mather's phrase) of life.

We think he is not only wrong to claim that the *Quarterly* is vulgar but also hypocritical to maintain that his privilege to edit material is not censorship. Webster says that a censor is "an official empowered to examine written or printed matter . . . in order to forbid publication if objectionable."

Mr. Mather has the privilege to do this. What he will do if staff and advisor disagree is no less than censorship. He has not yet had cause to employ his values for the community's welfare in this case.

The validity of censorship rests on the assumption that the censor's values have an absolute

rectitude, a correspondence to "Truth".

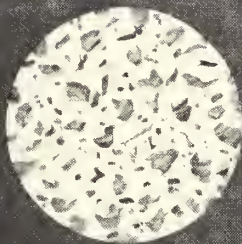
Censorship is a repudiation of the possibility of error in high or low position.

Someday Mr. Mather will probably have to use his privilege. Disagreement on "taste" is inevitable, for if the staff and the advisor never come into opposition on a story, then Mr. Mather may find something repugnant to his sense of morality or fitness.

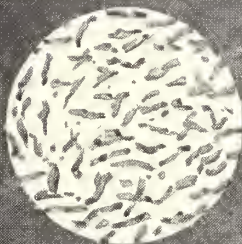
The president, by virtue of his position, has always had the legal power to censor, suspend, or disband. But this does not make such action justified within the framework of a democracy. Further, as the president himself has pointed out, he is not "one of the great class of literates."

One advisor has already resigned, apparently because of Mr. Mather's assumption of censor's power and privilege. Another teacher has agreed to take the job, but what will happen if Mr. Mather ever orders another *Quarterly* suspension?

Perhaps some day Mr. Mather will unify the liberal arts faculty in opposition to him by his
(Continued on Page 39)



Some brands give you shorts and bits which burn like tinder—fast and hot.



Others give you fine-cut shreds—good for cigarettes, but not so good for pipes.



Only Edgeworth gives you slow-burning "chunks" made for pipes and pipes alone.

PIPE SMOKERS: COMPARE THE CUTS OF TOBACCO AND SEE Why Edgeworth Smokes Coolest



*Edgeworth's Way with White Burley
Has Never Been Equalled*

Your true tobacco expert will tell you that white burleys are the world's coolest smoking tobaccos. Edgeworth is a blend of white burleys only—aged like fine wine, for years.

Of course, other tobaccos use white burley, too—but nobody yet has found out just how to blend and process tobacco to give it the even-burning, cool-smoking character that Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" has maintained.

*What "Ready-Rubbed" Means
to Your Smoking Pleasure*

Old time smokers knew the secret of cool, even burning. They carefully

"hand-rubbed" their tobacco until it crumbled into chunks of just the right size. Now Edgeworth does all this for you *before* the tobacco is packaged. An ingenious, exclusive process "ready-rubs" Edgeworth into chunks that pack *right* in your pipe, giving you a cool, leisurely smoke with never a touch of tongue bite.

This Amazing Pouch Means Cooler Smoking!



Two weeks On a Radiator

One friend of ours left an unopened Edgeworth pouch on a hot radiator. When discovered two weeks later the tobacco was still moist and cool smoking.

Edgeworth tobacco leaves our plant with just the right moisture content for a cool, no-bite smoke. You can be sure every pouch will be that way when you open it, because only Edgeworth has the Seal-Pak pouch. Sealed air-and-water tight, it promises you fresher tobacco than any other type of pocket pack. No bulky corners in your pocket either.

FOR A COOL MIXTURE TRY HOLIDAY

A "custom" blend of five tobaccos selected for mildness and aroma. The only mixture in the Seal-Pak pouch.



YOU'RE SMARTER SMOKING

Edgeworth

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



SPECIAL OFFER \$1.50

Get this new polished aluminum stem "Park Lane" pipe with interchangeable imported briar bowl and exclusive "dri-dome" moisture trap—along with 2 full-sized pouches of EDGEWORTH tobacco. If your dealer cannot supply you, use this handy order blank.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Mail with \$1.50 to Park Lane, Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Virginia.

CM-5

traffic lights and strawberry sodas

edmund skellings *has almost finished two years here, though he began in 1949. Three years with the 82nd Airborne as a parachutist and editor (of the Fort Bragg Paraglide) intervened. Skellings drives a bright red sports car, commutes to show it off, and makes an extra trip to campus each Tuesday night to serve as a commuter senator.*

If you've got a minute, I'd like to tell you a story. I've decided to tell it to you because I don't think you're the kind that shocks very easily. It's one of those things that you don't tell to just anybody. It happened in an Army barracks deep below the Mason-Dixon line.

I was lying on my bunk, trying vainly to catch a few winks. The past two weeks had been pretty trying and I was mentally whipped. I had been made Section Chief of the regiment's Public Information Office; and the paper work accompanying my efforts to reorganize it to suit myself had been a strain.

Occasionally a sand gnat lighted on my perspiring face, and their frequent landings were enough to keep me from falling fast asleep, but the warm blur of drowsiness felt real fine, anyway.

After a time I became vaguely uneasy, as if someone were staring at me. I tugged my eyelids open and, sure enough, there was someone standing at the foot of my bunk. After the

haze lifted away, I made out the beady little eyes of the Corporal who lived at the other end of the barracks. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out why they had made this guy a corporal. He was a pretty fair draftsman, but he had about as much way with people as the good old North Carolina pine tick. His short little frame seemed to be trying to figure something out. I took a guess that it was me.

"You awake, Sarge?"

He looked concerned. Now what? If the goddam office wanted me on a Saturday afternoon . . .

"What the hell does it look like?"

"I didn't want to wake you up, but you're the only guy around with a car and I gotta get up to the Main Post Library right away. I'll make it worth your while . . ."

I was half relieved and half annoyed. The library . . . God! I didn't know anyone in this stupid outfit could read. You know, it might even be a possibility that this guy had read my last week's editorial. I was

beginning to warm up to him already, and I didn't even know his name.

"I'll give you a buck if you drive me up, how's that?"

"Keep your money. I guess I'll never get to sleep here anyway; besides, I've got to get some reading done today sometime."

It was true. I had a feature to get out before deadline Monday morning on a Polish kid who was a Russki POW during the Second World War. I needed a few facts about Poland to make it appear authentic. Nothing like appearing authentic, I always say.

The guy didn't speak another word either leaving the area or driving up to the library. We had bumped into another corporal in the dayroom who was heading there, too, and he sat in the back, quietly humming to himself. His name was Floyd, Joe Floyd. I found out some time later that our little "bumping into" was a long way from accidental.

The little beady-eyed corporal (It said "McMullin" on the back of his fatigues, but you



ILLUSTRATED BY ELAINE ABBE

Elaine Abbe, the illustrator for this story and the artist who did the cover, is a grad student from Agawam. She started her education at Western Reserve College in Ohio, switched to New Haven (Conn.) State Teachers College. She likes people, she says, but hates Bermudas. This leads to conflicts. She also hates cats.

learn to overlook that. A lot of "borrowing" goes on . . .) As I was saying, the little one could hardly wait to get out of the car, and Floyd was hot on his heels. You would have thought there was a woman in there, and come to think of it, there was . . . behind the check-out desk. But by the time I arrived on the scene, neither of them was around and the girl on duty was engrossed in the latest issue of Harper's Bazaar.

I browsed through the stacks for a while and then pulled Carl Ritcher's *Poland and World War II* from the shelf and sat down with it. I must have been there for about ten minutes when a little motion from the basement stairwell caught my eye. I looked past the desk, and, you guessed it, there were those two beady eyes staring right back at me. He had his head and shoulders up above the floor level and he was beckoning to me with a stubby little finger. As soon as I rose up out of the chair, he vanished down into the basement. I kind of half chuckled to myself. If I hadn't known where I was, I would have sworn that it was the start of a real poor second-rate movie.

McMullin (of all things, it turned out to be his name) was waiting for me on the first landing, and as I started down the stairs, he turned and walked ahead of me, talking softly as he went.

"I want that you should hear my piano, man."

Now I should let you know how I like good piano. To this day I don't know how McMullin sensed it, but he sure did. Do I like piano? Well, I can probably whistle every note that Kenton, Garner, or Carroll

ever played on a recording.

But I was suspicious. It wasn't that I didn't think this guy could play, mind you, but with those stubby little fingers I wondered whether he could even find the keys. And as usual, my practised and carefully cultivated method of assaying ability was all wet.

We passed a partly open door and I glanced inside as we went by. It was the children's reading room; you know, pint-sized chairs and tables and the like and a scattering of thin, many-colored books with thick cardboard covers. We slid into the music room, and when I say slid, I mean it. McMullin held the door open for me like he was afraid all the air would leak out.

The music room (I had never been there before . . . you see, I don't play myself) — where was I? Oh, yeah, the music room. It was furnished pretty well; pastel walls, a thick carpet, and a few overstuffed chairs against one wall for listening-type people. In one rested the body of Joe Floyd, who sat staring up at the ceiling, where the smoke from his cigarette curled listlessly. In the center of the room, was a massive grand piano gleaming waxily in the dim light, which filtered through two high casement windows well above Floyd's head. Floyd lowered his gaze to McMullin.

"Hurry up and make some sound, huh?"

"Hold your water. The sergeant wants to get with us, too."

It must have satisfied him because he didn't say anything more. I turned and picked out a chair to await my torture and hadn't even made myself comfortable when my stubby-fin-

gered little friend threw himself at the keyboard. Let me tell you, what came out was never printed in the First Piano Primer.

He bounced, slid, chewed a cigarette till I thought he'd burn his lips. He stared at the ceiling, at the walls, and then closed his lids so tight I imagined that he'd crushed his eyeballs. And was the music worth it! At that time I believe I would have given my left leg to play like that (I keep time with my right one.) To make it more incredible, the kid was composing it in his head, and all without violating a rule. You could hardly follow his hands when he was up-tempo and when he came down and played soft and slow it was like hearing tear-drops fall upon bone-china bells. It seemed almost as if he were playing a story.

All at once there was no more sound. I opened my unconsciously closed eyes. McMullin was leaning over at me from the piano.

"You like my tone, man? Are you really feeling with me?"

Not too much was I impressed! I could have kissed him for being so goddam good, that's all.

"Look, I've never heard piano like that before. You've got a great touch. How long have you been at it?"

Joe Floyd laughed at the other side of the room. I looked back at McMullin and he was smiling.

"How long at what?"

"At the keyboard, what do you think I mean?"

Joe Floyd laughed again and this time McMullin laughed right along with him. I began

(Continued on Page 15)

Baptism and Extreme Action

Joseph Von Deck, the author, is a junior veteran, majoring in history and thinking about geology—possible goals archeology. He is president of the freshman honorary society.

Ni-chi-chi is one of the several hills that guard the southern approaches of the Chorwan dam. Like so many other Korean hilltops that have, in the course of recent years, become an American Valhalla, it is an inconspicuous looking entity; it is only a small hill with relatively gentle slopes on three sides; only the western slope facing Chi-chi rises precipitously from the valley floor. It is a barren hill: its slopes totally devoid of all vegetation. What little there had been has long since been blasted away. Only the rocks remain; massive granitic outcrops that ridge the concave summit and gaze frowningly over the valley below. Only the rocks remain, and man . . .

Joe leaned against the cold

steel of the machine-gun; he peered into the obscuring mists of the early dawn. On the slope below he was beginning to make out things; objects were taking distinct form—rocks, tree stumps. He checked the slide; it clicked reassuringly. He rested his chin against the chamber; his breath painted weird, fantastic designs in frost on the barrel. He peered intently into the mists; he was looking for something he knew was there, but he couldn't see it. A figure crawled up and squatted beside him.

See anythin', kid?

Not a thing. Nothin' but snow.

Keep lookin', boy—the figure warned—we're next, an' it's 'bout that time.

Joe looked up nervously. The

figure read the anxious lines on the kid's face. He nodded and motioned with his head to the ridge on the left.

Yeah, he said, they got Chi-chi las' night. We're next. The figure crawled away. Joe checked his slide again; he rubbed his hands together to warm them. We're next, he muttered nervously.

Yeah, said a voice beside him, we're next . . . Stars are pretty, ain't they?

Joe looked up at the heavens: the stars shone crystal clear in the sharp coldness of the wintry sky. Polaris gleamed cheerfully overhead; the jewels in Orion's belt flickered in the west; behind them on the left Saggittarius aimed an arrow at the poisoned sting of Scorpio.

Pretty, ain't they? Frankie repeated calmly.

Yeah, the kid agreed, sure.

Frankie stared down the slope; he watched a patch of snow move from behind a blasted tree over to a rock. They're comin' now, he said calmly.

Where? There was a tinge of panic in Joe's voice.

Jus' ta the right o' that tree . . .

I didn't see nothin' . . . nothin' but snow!

I did, Frankie said emphatically.

So did ah, a voice on the left agreed.

Joseph
H.
Von Deck

I'm scared! Joe said nervously.

We all are, kid. Frankie gripped him by the shoulder good-naturedly. We all are. The main thing is ta keep a cool goddamit . . . That's all—keep a cool goddamit.

Sure, the kid agreed nervously, sure. He gripped the handles of the gun more tightly. He checked the safety catch; he checked the slide again. He peered down the slope. This time he saw the snow move.

We're next, he muttered, we're next!

A watch ticked . . . seconds on seconds. And seconds were an eternity . . . an eternity that wore hard on the thin thread of human patience. The three watched the snow move closer—bit by bit. Joe turned to the figure on his left:

For God's sake, Reb, say somethin' will ya? Yer drivin' me bats jus' sittin' there. Say somethin', will ya?

Ah'd better not, Reb answered.

Frankie looked at him. Ya mean you've run outta them damned Bible quotations for once?

Nope.—Reb shook his head very confidently. Ah've still got some . . . Matter o' fact, one's been runnin' through ma haid all night. He paused . . .

Joe looked at Frankie. Reb raised his eyes toward the ubiquitous skies. Yeah, he said apologetically, funny, ain't it? Blessed be the works of the Lord!!—Then in a slow emotion-filled voice: "Verily I say unto you. Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise . . ."

Frankie and Joe looked at one another, then at Reb. Their eyes met Reb's. His gaze was firm and confident—the confid-

ence of a man with deep faith in his God and a firm conviction of salvation in the face of death.

. . . Paradise, he repeated softly. Joe made the sign of the cross; Frankie laughed uneasily.

Then all hell broke loose . . . From ridge to ridge echoed the blaring, discordant, martial tones of trumpets . . . From ridge to ridge they echoed and from earth to heaven. Their blatant terrifying shriek shattered the silence . . . Frankie rammed a new belt into the voracious gullet of the machine-gun . . . The whole mountain slope before them rose up en masse and rolled up the incline . . . It came—a sea of screaming, shrieking, yelling humanity waving rifles and lances. Wave on wave it came; wave on wave on wave . . .

Jesus Christ! exclaimed Frankie.

Thou shalt not kill, mumbled Reb, Lord, forgive us that we are about to do.

Joe bit his lip in terror; his grip tightened on the trigger . . . for up they came, wave on wave. Like the infinite waves of the sea they came . . . Like the infinite waves of the sea smashing themselves on the rocky shores of the headlands . . . crashing, recoiling, surging, splashing, reforming, smashing, retreating, and coming back, returning again, again, again and again . . .

Frankie patted the gun affectionately: Gerty, ole gal, don't fail us now . . . Okay, kid, he nodded, chest high an' cut it loose!! And Gerty spit death—a hot seering death that met the waves head on. The shock of death met the shock of humanity! humanity recoiled: flesh and blood are only flesh

and blood. The first wave broke . . . and the second . . . and the third . . . and the fourth . . .

The Lord is my shepherd . . . Muttered Reb as he dragged another ammo-can into place . . . I shall not want . . . Joe clenched the gun so tightly his hands and arms ached; Frankie burned his hand on the red-hot muzzle of the 50 caliber. He spit on the barrel; the spittle vanished in a hiss of steam.

Sonofabitch's gittin' hot! he observed casually. Joe didn't hear him; he was numb with fear. All he felt was the kick of the chopper in his hands; all he saw was the dancing, shrieking yellow faces as they appeared momentarily in his sights only to disappear under the lethal spray to be replaced by others—there was no end to them; all he heard was the blood-curdling battlecry of the onrushing foe, the hacking cough of the gun and the agonized moan of the dying. 'Dirty Gerty' did her horrid task well. Like a little old woman she held her conservation; only she spoke the language of death . . . The fifth wave broke against the redoubt and fell back . . . Once again the trumpets blared, then the foe was gone—vanished as quickly as they had come . . . The hill was strangely silent . . .

Reb broke the stillness: The righteous shall never be removed; and the wicked shall not inherit the earth, he said.

Amen, Frankie finished as he collapsed wearily into the snow, Amen!

We licked 'em! Joe exclaimed exultantly, still gripping the handles of the gun.

(Continued on Page 25)

LORNA'S PAGE



The Original Thinker

He was a mind.
He sat above the top of everything
And saw as far as he could.
But it was a narrow seeing.
We are all limited.
He was a mind.

And his thoughts spiralled through the air
And were carried by the wind.
They drifted and fell.
Mostly they settled softly
Into concavities,
But some perched precariously
On the worn convexities.

The parent mind grew on;
Alone, aloof, but related intimately with everything.
He became felt;
His thoughts were feelers,
And they were felt.
Each thought connected invisibly to the source.

His mind grew multicolored in its perceptions.
It saw every angle.
Every incongruity.
So it realized the inherent wholeness.
The balance and the pattern
That was never completely unfolded.

As were his thoughts,
So he was:
Under, beside, within.
He realized every facet of very known conception.

He was adored.
He was worshipped and loved.
Feared and hated.
He was thought to create the new.
He only perceived the old from a different angle.
It was enough.

Water Baby

He slithered through the net
And eluded make-believe,
Slender tentacle of seeming gold.

Slid down the shining wet
That splashy fish things cleave,
And darted swiftly from the fishy mold.

Peered trustingly around,
Touched the living and the dead;
Flickered through the shadows like a light.

Brushed the sharp-edged sound,
Wondered as he bled,
How the sadness and the pain could look so bright.

Then he glided from the sight,
Sank to meet his sandy bed,
And let the water trickle on his hurt.

Whole now he rose,
Met once more the fishy pose,
And began again
To wave his trusting little fin
Of shining gold.

The Television Set

The sun's bold shining pate
Was just disappearing
Behind the mountain's rim
When
"Be quick. It's getting late"
So intent on hearing
The lovely television things begin,
So
They watch ecstatically
Passion of torpor and release
From thinking, doing, being even, there;
As
Night comes murkily,
Tiptoes with half-bent knees
To crouch softly around the glowing square
Until
A bug-eyed staring one,
The last that's left,
Turn a switch right
Off, and
Then it's done.
The glassy square's bereft
Of light,
With
Only a vacant stare
As the darkness
Moves in.

Erwin Pally

TAKE ME TO THE

The new Quarterly editor-in-chief makes his third consecutive appearance in the magazine. He is a junior.

Billy stood quietly at the doorway for several moments watching his father who was lying on the couch reading the *Sunday Times*, then he walked hesitantly towards him and stopped in front of the couch. Harvey Ornstein did not hear him. The boy's heart began to beat quickly and he felt warm and uncomfortable, as he listened to his father's heavy rhythmic breathing, and he did not know whether to stay or leave but then it was too late for Harvey noticed him.

"Daddy."

Harvey put the paper on his stomach with a quick, impatient gesture, noticing the slight tremor in his voice and wondering why his hands always seemed to tremble whenever he

spoke to him. "What do you want?"

"Daddy," the boy spoke trembly, quickly as though he were afraid of being interrupted. "Daddy, can we go to the park this afternoon, you, me and mommy?"

"We'll see."

"Why can't we go, why can't we?"

"C'mon Billy. I didn't say we couldn't. We'll see after dinner." Like Eliot, he'll be, just like Eliot.

"Aw, we never go anywheres. Why is it we never go anywheres any more?"

Harvey looked at his son carefully, he looked at the grey eyes that peered out through the little horn-rimmed glasses, small grey eyes they

were, and when he didn't have his glasses on they became strained and tired and they watered. He put the paper down on the floor and gently picked up his young son and put him on his lap, placing a big, strong, hairy hand over the little boy's narrow shoulders and with the other hand he patted his head. The boy began to cry.

"Now Billy, you're getting too old for that, a boy seven years old doesn't cry."

"I'm not seven yet," he said through his tears.

"But you will be in another month," said his father as he continued to cover the boy's head with his strong right hand.

The boy began to wipe his

PARK

towel back on the rack after he dried himself and then put his glasses back on. He got up on the stool and looked in the mirror. His eyes were still red and anyone could tell he was crying. He got off the stool and put his hand in his pocket and felt the half dollar; and suddenly he began sobbing again, uncontrollably. He locked the bathroom door and tried to stop crying but the more he tried to stop the harder he cried. He was glad the bathroom was way upstairs 'cause that meant they couldn't hear him but his mother might 'cause she was in the kitchen reading and the kitchen was right under the bathroom. She was always reading books, she was nice, she smelled nice too and she was always reading books—why did she always—and they hardly ever stood in the same room together and if they did and they stood there too long there would be loud noises and that would make him cry but he shouldn't because he was almost seven and that was too old to cry. He ran the faucet so they wouldn't hear him and pretty soon he stopped crying and he turned the faucet off. It was bad to cry. Even though he wasn't seven yet. But he almost was and if he let himself cry now, then next month when he was really seven he'd still be crying and that would be bad. It was bad to cry. Even Daddy said so and he knew because he knew everything because he was so big and he shaved like Uncle Eliot but Daddy was bigger but Uncle Eliot knew funny things and they both shaved—Ma never shaved except sometimes her legs but that was different and that don't count—women don't shave. That's funny men do

and women don't except their legs sometimes and that don't count—Daddy had a rough beard and it hurt when he used to rub his cheek next to it—Uncle Eliot's never hurt—but not so bad now like when he was smaller, it used to make a big red mark all over his cheek and it really hurt but it was worth it 'cause Daddy always played with him then, when he was smaller, piggyback and wrestling and the winner could stay up a half hour later after supper.

The boy felt his smooth cheek and began to cry once again, big sobs that almost choked in his throat; then after a while he stopped and he began to suck his thumb and he felt better. He shut off the water faucet and went downstairs into the kitchen where his mother sat waiting for him expectantly. On the table was a book. It was opened somewhere in the middle and there were passages that were underlined. She had the same delicate features as those of her son.

"Where were you, honey?"

"Upstairs playing in my room."

"Did you have fun?"

"Yeah, sorta." He crawled upon her lap and fingered the pages of the book. "Is it good?"

"Ycs sweetheart, it's very good."

"What's it about?"

"Oh," she paused, "People."

"Like us?"

"Pretty much like us. all people are partly alike, honey."

"Why don't you shave?"

Miriam smiled, "Too much trouble."

"No, really why?"

"I don't have a beard."

"Oh. Do you love me?"

She put her arms around her

eyes with the front of his shirt sleeve. Harvey finished the job with a handkerchief. Then he took out a half dollar and pressed it in to the boy's palm. "Now you wash up so no one will know you were crying. Then go down to Dewey's and get yourself an ice cream cone. And you can keep the change. O.K.?"

The boy nodded and climbed off the couch and ran upstairs into the bathroom, leaving his father sitting on the couch, staring off into space.

In the bathroom the boy washed his face carefully. He didn't wash his hands because they were not dirty and it was stupid to if they weren't dirty. No one would know. He put the

young son and drew him to her bosom. Her voice was husky. "Of course I do sweetheart."

"Why don't you read in the living room with Daddy?"

"Well, I. ah . . ."

"There's better lights in there. You're going to ruin your eyes. You always tell me to read where there's better lights."

"Oh sweetheart." She hugged him once again, this time tighter and longer. When she released him he climbed off her lap and stood next to her and asked, "Why won't Daddy take us to the park?"

"Daddy's tired."

"He's always tired."

"He works hard."

"He slept yesterday—all day." The boy paused, his little forehead wrinkled in thought. Miriam watched him as he framed sentences in his mind, picking some, rejecting others the way a writer scratches out the word that will ruin the desired effect. She loved to watch him stand in that pose; there were times when she felt that what was going on in his mind was the most important thing in the world. Finally he spoke.

"Why is it, ma, why is it we never go anywhere together? I mean really why, ma?"

"We do, honey. Didn't we go to the park last Saturday?"

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean all of us, Daddy too."

She lit a cigarette quickly, at the same time avoiding his searching little eyes. "Billy, go over and tell Uncle Eliot that dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes."

"You think Uncle Eliot will?"

"Will what?"

"Take me to the park."

"It's Julia's birthday today.

I think they have tickets to the concert this afternoon."

"Ah, she's a jerk. I don't like her."

"Why?"

"She's a girl."

"I mean really why?"

"She's a girl."

"Don't you like girls?"

"Nah, they stink."

"I'm a girl."

"No you're not, you're a mother."

"Why else don't you like her?"

"Because she's always making off how much she likes me but she don't mean it. And all the time her and Uncle Eliot were here last week they were always hiding in corners and gigglin' and smoochin'; she was making Uncle Eliot act foolish. She's a jerk. He better not marry her."

"Do you have any ideas who he should marry? Why don't you look around?"

"Grandma says he's too young and not settled enough. She says he's never going to settle. She said when Grandpa was young he used to be a little crazy just like Uncle Eliot only in those days you couldn't afford to be crazy. She says in those days you worked so hard you had no time to think how crazy you were. That's what she said. Is everyone crazy, ma?"

"No honey, just enough to be interesting. Incidentally, where did you hear all this?"

"Grandma was talking to Aunt Beatie."

"And you were eavesdropping. Is that nice?"

"No I wasn't. I was playing hide and seek and I was hiding behind the couch waiting for them to come and find me. Only they never came."

"Maybe you forgot to tell

them you were playing."

"Maybe, I don't remember."

"Go tell Uncle Eliot to come over."

"Maybe he will?"

"What?"

"Take me to the park."

PART TWO

Eliot Silver lay comfortably on his back on the living room couch, his thick black hair across his forehead some getting in his eyes and every now and then he would automatically push it back with his hand only to have it fall again. The phonograph was playing *Prince Igor* and he listened intently, wriggling his toes in time to the music; one of his toes stuck through a hole in his stocking.

Mrs. Silver came into the living room from the kitchen, a woman over fifty, small plump with the same thick black hair as her son, only well groomed. She was wearing a blue apron around a cotton dress that had flowers all over it. She observed her son carefully with some concern if not distaste. "You're having dinner next door, have you forgotten?"

"The prospect of food I never forget," replied the young man as he continued to wiggle his toes in time to the music.

"Then get dressed. Why must you wallow around in that filthy robe. You should have thrown it away long ago. You'd think we were beggars without a piece of bread to eat the way you go around."

"So I'll be a beggar."

"Don't be funny. And throw it away. Soon the health department will be here."

"I like it, it's comfortable."

"With you anything is comfortable. If I gave you a burlap
(Continued on Page 29)

This is Madeleine May's first Quarterly story. She is an editorial editor for the Collegian and is a student news editor in the university's News and Publications office. She is a junior in history.

Maria

Madeleine May

You could see the heat. It was in little blue and red blobs which came together and banged apart with a crazy jagged rhythm. They hit you, leaped inside, and worked their way out as moist, colorless drops. Their weight was unbearable—they bore down on the tight muscles of her body and loosened them. She felt the strong tendons being forced into taut fibers.

Once in the dining room, the furor of the heat could not be so free. It was controlled by the clean white table cloths, the shining silver, and the tall glasses of ice water. But even the table cloths got soiled, the silver lost its shine as it was used, and the glasses were drained in quick, greedy gulps. She refilled them as quickly as possible. The girl seemed to thrive on the heat. Her speed increased with the same intensity as the glasses were emptied. It became almost an obsession to her. If she saw an empty glass her one ambition was to keep it filled; this was efficiency.

"Miss, oh Miss, could you please hurry our order a little because we want to make the concert."

"Yah, well. I try; big rush tonight . . ." and Maria quick-

ly worked her way around the table, clearing the plates off and making the white table cloth as clean as possible. Her white uniform revealed the work she had been doing. Stains of French dressing and gravy disturbed the whiteness. Perspiration was evident on her pale forehead and her dark hair had lost its usual confinement from the bun pinned at the nape of her neck. The color of her dark eyes was clearer than usual in contrast to her pale skin. With tense hurried movements of her tall straight body she piled all the dishes together on the tray, scraped the leftovers, and bent down to pick it up. She could not lift it. She got up, rearranged some of the dishes; and one slipped off, making a shrill clatter. It was only a small plate, but the noise startled her and people turned to stare. Once more she bent down and with a firm grasp, picked up the tray and balanced it on her shoulder. Making her way through the people, who were impatiently waiting for tables and fanning themselves with the menus, she pushed her way through the kitchen door.

Quickly she was absorbed by the mad hot wave that swirled through the kitchen. She threw

the plates off the tray, trying to do it faster than her arms would allow but still keeping a strong grasp on the edge of the tray. Motion was everywhere around her—arms flying, trays banging and dishes clattering. It was a supreme test of human speed; everyone in the kitchen a contestant for time.

"Ordering, two veal, von lamb," she shouted.

"Put your plates up Maria," Sam said in a voice which was startling for its calmness. "Just wait your turn girls," he said, "and you'll all get there; concert doesn't start 'til eight o'clock."

It was terrible to have to stand in line when all those people were out there waiting; if only they knew, but they would never see the kitchen. She forced herself to lean against the counter, drummed the table with her fingers, and hummed softly, trying to slow down the accelerated motion which rushed through her body. It was then that her gaze met Walter's. He seemed to be the only person in the kitchen completely unaffected by the heat. With controlled calmness he stood by the dishwashing machine and dried the silver, wiping each piece carefully but

(Continued on Page 33)

Five Poems

Barbara Steplar

To Emily Dickinson

You've loved them all biographers say—
From father to your brother—
I soon expect the next account
Will have you wanting mother!

Intellect ...

All of art,
How well you recite it.
But isn't it sad,
That you can't incite it?

To a Nose of Brown

Plebian!
Close thy fickle, fouled mouth!
Those watery queries slithering—
From thy sneering, snorting snout
Are *his*, from last year's old exam!

Trials

Dave. Al, Ed, Joe;
Smoke; gin; make it slow.
Books; looks; neck; pet;
Sigh; cry; fry; fret;
Bleach; bra; figure thinner.
Paper due, what's for dinner?

1 + 1 = 3

I cry!
Why?
Because I,
I ealled you liar, eheat and fool.
Then you,
You called *me* cruel!

Traffic Lights and Strawberry Sodas...

(Continued from Page 6)

to feel left out, but I chalked it up as a private joke. And that idea was to persist for the next ten minutes. I've since given up trying to tell what people are thinking; people just never are what you believe them to be. All you ever get to see is one tiny facet of the stone, and even then most of what you see is the glitter. It takes an expert to tell a zircon from a diamond, and I guess twenty some-odd years doesn't qualify you.

I wouldn't want you to get the idea I didn't know my way around. I'd been in then for over two years and after that length of time you've seen quite a bit of the world and the people in it. What's the old cliché: from death to dishonor? Well, that's about it. But I'll be damned if I expected what was to come.

McMullin had launched into another jazz bit, and was actually phrasing out triple inverted chords without a sheet of music. It reminded me of Lennie Tristano, when he first started recording, but the sounds were much fuller and more fluid. He stopped again, taking out a pack of cigarettes.

"Want a weed? I'm buying."

"Yeah, thanks."

I reached out in front of me and slipped one from his pack. It hit me like a bomb. For the first time in my life I was holding a piece of paper filled with the dry, crumpled leaves of the marijuana plant . . . a "reefer". I sat there and looked at it. No wonder McMullin played so well. The whole world seemed to stop in its tracks. It was unbearably quiet.

Now, you know. I wouldn't tell this to just anybody who came along. People have some queer ideas about marijuana, and most of them would sit there and glare at you if you told them anything like this. Then at the first opportunity they'd leave. Public opinion sure is funny.

I looked up from the reefer, still held tight in my sweaty hand. Two men sat staring at me . . . two complete strangers. No longer were McMullin and Floyd just a couple of ordinary guys. They were now two tense, eager men . . . They were waiting for me to make a move.

From here on out, I'd appreciate it if you didn't ask me why. The truth of the matter is, I just don't know.

I lifted my arm and put the reefer into my mouth without a single emotion; no excitement, no wonder, no fear, no nervousness. I just lifted my arm and put the thin, tan cigarette between my lips. Then I looked at Floyd.

"Got a light?"

The world started to speed up again. Joe Floyd pulled a book of matches out of his breast pocket and struck one. He came to his feet and crossed the room, cupping one hand around the burning match so it wouldn't go out. He held it before my face.

"Here."

I took a long, deep drag into my dry mouth, with the intention of blowing it right out, but instead I drew it deeply into my lungs . . . half expecting the sky to crash in. It didn't. I waited. It still didn't. I blew the smoke out and tried to figure the situation. Here I was

. . . in a room in which I'd never been, smoking marijuana, and (McMullin had started again) listening to the best live piano I had ever heard. I stopped trying to figure the situation.

Half the reefer had turned into pale smoke and an odd aroma seemed settling about the room. It's hard to describe exactly what it was like. Sort of like the fog of sweetly burning maple leaves on a late fall evening, only this fog seemed to come straight down. And once you've had one whiff of this scorched-cinnamon smell, you can never forget it.

And you recognize it anywhere; in bars, pool halls, night clubs, you name it. You know, I delivered mail once during a Christmas rush and one of my stops was a small, back-street beauty parlor. There it was. Surprised the hell out of me. Well, I'll get back to the music room.

Half the reefer had gone up in smoke and I hadn't felt a thing and was I amazed. Maybe my physical condition or something? Boy, did that do wonders for the old ego. I savored the thought for a few moments. It made me smile. I decided to stop smiling. My face wouldn't move. So I reached up with both hands and pulled the corners of my mouth back down. When I let them go they popped right back up into another smile. This only made me smile more. I looked from McMullin to Floyd. They were grinning like Cheshire cats . . . ruby red lips on pasty white faces. All the colors in the room were beginning to become highly exaggerated.

You know what I thought of when I looked at those two happy faces?? A school minstrel in a segregated Southern town, you know, negro end men all made up in whiteface. I laughed real hard at this.

McMullin stood up.

"Let's go for a walk in the park."

As far as I could remember there wasn't any park around there, but it seemed like an admirable idea. Joe got up, held the door open for us, and with McMullin in the lead, we floated off down the corridor, up the stairs, past the sleeping girl at the check-out desk, through the open door, finally drifting softly to rest on the asphalt of the parking lot.

There wasn't the slightest bit of doubt about it at all. I was experiencing the feeling of being two people at the same time. Part of me was a controlled and conscious creature, fully aware, and capable of reacting to any sudden situation.

But the other half! Freed completely from the strain of having to decide anything, could drift about in whatever dream it wished, and did it wish! It made walking . . . floating, running . . . gliding, and all kinds of fancied day-dreams splendidly believable. Nothing at all mattered to this carefree mind; least of all truth. If there were no park in reality, then, by all means, we would have none of reality . . . and we were in the park.

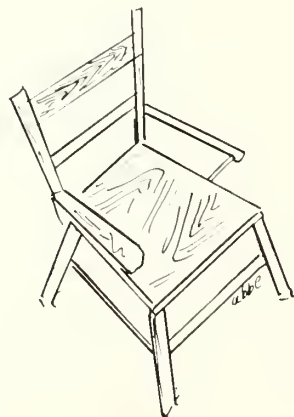
And a more glorious park never existed! It was filled with the sounds of birds never before heard, the roars and growls of beasts who had never walked the earth. Each blade of grass stood independently and brilliantly green, and each, defiantly striving to resist the

grazing breezes, bent and bowed before them. It was a fairyland of color, and we strolled its pathways for over an hour, until, quite abruptly, the contentment vanished from McMullin's face.

"It's gone."

I looked around and so did Floyd. McMullin was right. We stood beside the Post Exchange Warehouse, in a patch of grass dried brown from the excessive heat. Reality stank like hell.

In the weeks that followed, I became closer to McMullin and Floyd. Off duty we were inseparable buddies. Mac and Joe taught me to tap a few rhythms on a mambo drum and



I surprised myself by getting to be fairly clever at them. But I never worked as hard at being perfect as Mac did. Once that kid had a new chord in his mind he wouldn't stop working with it till he had completely mastered its use. In fact, Mac was that way about everything. Remember the fatigues that I mentioned? Well, Mac had every pair that he was issued in basic training. Now, if you've never put any time in, that doesn't mean much; but when you think of how close men live in the service . . . well, there's always someone borrowing a fatigue jacket, and you

usually end up doing the same. —then a few guys are transferred . . . Before you know it, no one has more than one or two jackets with his own name on them. It happens to everyone. Everyone except McMullin, that is. Once Mac laid his hands on something he just never let it go. Real possessive, that guy.

For all his stinginess, though, I couldn't help being attracted to him. He had a true feeling for his friends. He was one of those guys you felt you could count on in a pinch. You just can't help liking a guy like that.

But more than friendship attracted me to Mac. I think it was mostly his music. Mac never seemed to tire of explaining his feelings and how he expressed them in sound. His music seemed to be an extension of his personality and, not surprisingly, he strongly disliked any criticism of it, even inattention. And I got so I didn't blame him for it at all. Mac rarely played the piano in the company dayroom, but when he did, I was as angry as he when someone interrupted. I got pretty wrapped up in his music.

On duty as well as off, he was a hard worker, and he produced quality, too. Working as a draftsman in the service is no picnic.

Mac was the type that has a compulsion to tell you his life story in one installment, and all of it the first time you were alone with him. I suppose everyone is like that to a degree, only most people control themselves a little better. Mac didn't even try.

One Sunday afternoon we took one of our little trips to the library in my car and Mac found himself with a captive audience.

"I'm from Cal you know, man; near Berkeley. You ever been there? No? Well, except for the humans tromping around, it's great country . . . especially in the summer. My father and me go yachting a lot in the summer. Man, you should see our yacht; it's quite the thing. Got it brand new two years ago. I guess I should explain. I don't have any real father. I was a charge of the state when I was younger and I was always being shipped from one family to another. The state pays 'em pretty good and everybody on the coast is looking for some easy dough. They weren't set for what they got in my case, I suppose. I was in a lot of trouble all the time . . . always running away from home the minute they took their eyes off me.

But I've come to think of the last guy as my father, my true father. Man, he's about the best Joe you'd ever want to meet. Always has a smile on his face, and no matter what kind of a scrape I got myself into, he never chewed me out, not once. I guess that's why I stayed with him so long. You know, man, he even caught me smoking weed once, when I just turned fourteen. He never said a word to me. Just looked at me kinda funny like. It wasn't till last year I found out he's on a heroin kick himself. I suppose that's why I never ran away from him. He's always been so damn tolerant."

"You got a mother? I mean, is he married?"

"Yeah, he was when I first went to live with him. But she left him after I had been there about a year and he never told me why. I was sure that the children's board was going to take me back to the orphanage

and I hated the place, so one day I asked him. You know what he said, man? He said if I didn't want to go I could stay there on the estate without anyone knowing a thing, so you can be damn sure it didn't take me long to make up my mind. He's been my father now for over seven years and there hasn't been one day I can say I regret. He even bought me a car when I turned eighteen. What do you think of a guy like that, huh?"

"Pretty great, if you ask me. Not many guys would have kept you around once their wife left. You were lucky, all right. He must be loaded, with an estate and yacht and all."

"Yeah, he is. Got most of it gambling in L.A., I think."

We pulled into the parking lot and I squeezed my Packard between a couple of Jeeps. Every time I parked there I caught myself wondering who owned all the cars parked outside. The owners sure weren't inside. The place was always like a mortuary. Smelled that way, too. The girl behind the desk must have had a florist for a father. The lobby was always full of cut flowers, and not one of them was a nice odorless camelia.

We went quickly downstairs. I thought we were going to go to the music room again, but instead Mac opened the door to the children's room and I followed him in and looked around.

The same books that I had seen before were still in their places on the half-size table. Mac pushed them aside and we sat down on the little table and lit up our sticks. It didn't take as long for me to feel the effects this time. It seemed that I was departing on practically

the first drag. I noticed a chair and wondered why I was sitting on the table. Mac looked sort of guilty, too. We raised ourselves from the table and tried to squeeze into two of the little chairs. It was a struggle, believe me, but after a few lurches this way and that, we were in. And it seemed completely natural.

"Good thing the teacher didn't catch us sitting on the table. She sure doesn't like that."

"Um. We better read our books like she said."

We both picked up books from the pile on the table at our knees and peered into them. I had difficulty reading mine. It wasn't that I couldn't see the words; it was just that I didn't know what some of them meant. I began to read out loud.

"Sec . . . Jack . . . run. Jack . . . runs . . . away. I see . . . Jack . . . run. He runs . . . fast . . . fast".

Mac was watching me, hanging on every word. And I knew why, too. This was one of the best stories I'd ever read. I just couldn't wait to see where Jack was running.

"Jack . . . runs . . . to . . . the . . . wat . . . wa . . . wat . . ."

It was no use. I couldn't read the last word. Mac dragged his chair over beside mine, peered intently over my shoulder for a few moments at the word, gave up, and turned back to his own book. I returned to my studies and after struggling with a few more pages, began to get better and better. It wasn't too long before I was sailing right along. I decided that this book was much too easy after all, so I turned and picked one from the bookshelf by the wall. I read

this one to myself.

"Jack and Jean went for a walk in the woods. They were going to gather some pretty flowers for their mothers."

I smiled. This was more like it. Nothing like sex to spice up a story.

"Jack and Jean went up the path. Jack took Jean's arm."

I laughed right out loud. This was too much. There was going to be a rape on the next page and I was the only little reader in the country that knew it. Think of it. I told myself, parents send their kids to grammar school without ever realizing that the authors of these thin primers write dirty stories between the lines.

By the time the high wore off, I think I'd read every book in the place, and so had Mac. This time I was the first one to awaken from the dream, but I didn't say anything; I just watched.

MacMullin tried to turn a page. Have you ever seen a very small boy turn a page, getting two or three at a time? Well, that's what Mac was doing, or should I say trying to do. I looked at him and laughed and laughed.

Suddenly he snapped the book closed and without lifting his eyes, spoke to me in a small, thin-sounding voice.

"Look, man. Don't you ever laugh at me again. Hear? Just don't ever laugh at me again. If you do I'll kill you."

It wasn't a threat; it was a simple statement of fact, and it took me by surprise. To be blunt about it, he scared the hell out of me. And I was twice his size. See what I mean about never really knowing people? Some things you just never expect, no matter how sure you are.

We drove back to the area pretty quietly. Mac only spoke to me once during the entire trip.

"Look, man. I'm sorry for how I bit your head off back there. It was just that I was remembering when I was small and kicking around from one family to another. It wasn't very pretty and I'm kinda touchy about it."

I looked at him for a long time.

"O.K. Let's forget about the whole thing."

The week went by slowly, but there was a lot of work to do and I tried to keep busy, but most of the week dragged on. You know how slowly time passes when you're waiting for something. Well, eventually Saturday rolled around.

Mac had gone into town with my car to get another supply of tea and Joe Floyd and I sat in the company day room and whiled the afternoon away playing chess. Mac came back just before chow with the stuff, and after eating we set out for a drive-in movie.

We got there just in time for the first show. Maybe you remember it . . . *Lili*? Well, it's about a naive little country girl who is running away to the big city from the farm where she lives. She sees a carnival and can't resist watching the puppets perform. She becomes so absorbed that she talks to them, much to the delight of the crowd, who seem to sense her innocence.

I don't remember much more of the plot of the story, but I don't believe I shall ever forget the scenes of *Lili* and the puppets. Anyway, by the time the directors' name had vanished from the screen, three intoxicated men sat quietly in their

stuffy car, breathlessly watching the complexities of the highly exaggerated, swirling colors that flickered before their eyes.

I became conscious of a shape within the patchwork and after a bit of concentration, I managed to bring the vision before me into proper focus. It was a little girl, a charming little country girl, with a fresh-scrubbed face and extra-neatly braided pigtails. She was entering timidly into the fringe of a large crowd, which stood watching a small puppet show.

She began to force her way through the crowd toward the stage, and I strained along with her, as if my will could help push apart the mob. She edged up to the stage with open-mouthed awe, and after watching for some time, spoke to the nearest puppet, the carved figure of a fox. The sound of her sweet and youthful voice sent pangs of tender sympathy and longing through me. In my whole lifetime I had never felt as close in emotion to anyone as I felt for the tender and captivating little girl who was talking innocently with Reynard, the fox. Many moods swept me; love for *Lili*, hatred of the sophistication of the crowd, appreciation of the fantastically colorful background, and a sense of longing that the whole world did not hold the simple, and quite plain virtue which was apparent in the story. I sat silently, entirely enveloped in my heightened sensitivity.

The jerk behind us blew his horn. Mac, Joe, and I looked at each other. I started the motor and we crept quietly from the theatre. Joe Floyd opened the window to let the stale, blue-thick smoke out. The night air was growing cold and

sharp.

I could tell you about such times almost endlessly, because in all, I must have been on the stuff for over four months. You can pack a lot of experience into that length of time. I could tell you how a reefer can destroy your powers of depth perception. How Mac once sat on a curbstone at a roadside, looked over the edge at the pavement no more than six inches away . . . and contemplated suicide. Or about the time I sat at a lonely street corner with a strawberry soda in my hand and watched the traffic lights explode their greens and reds in my eyes. It was raining fairly steadily, so I never did get to finish the damn thing. I was concentrating hard on the lights, and between drinking and watching, the tall glass would fill right up again. Never seemed to change its taste, though.

I could tell you about many such times, but it was the last one that really counted.

The most vivid kick I was ever on, and the one that made me swear off, started on a drab, overcast, Thursday night. Summer was coming on again and the night seemed to be attempting a trial run of heat. However, it was doing better with humidity, which it managed to get up to the oppressive level.

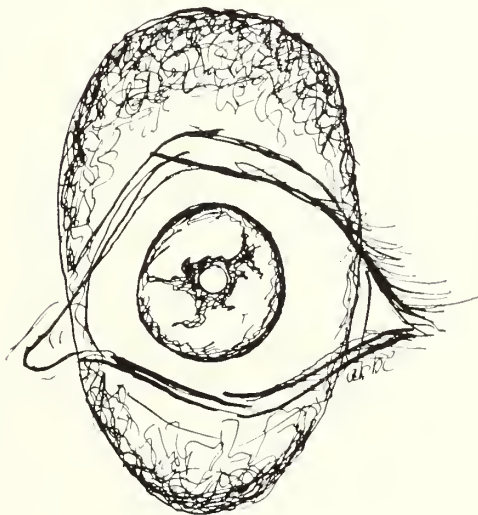
Because of the threatening rain, and because the uniform had changed to summer khakis the week before, most of the men were staying in the barracks to conserve their freshly starched uniforms. Most of them had only taken them out of the laundry a few days before. Here and there in the barracks, a man shined his shoes or polished brass, ready-

ing himself a little in advance for the weekly Saturday morning inspection, but most of them simply lay relaxing or dreaming about the girl back home and the possibility of winning a three-day pass.

I looked down at Mac. He was sitting on his foot locker in his civies, his head bowed almost in his lap.

I got up from where I lay and walked over to Joe Floyd. He looked up from the insignia he was polishing. I sat down and leaned over him to keep it private.

"Have you watched Mac to-



night? He looks sad about something. Do you think he's in any trouble?"

"Nah. You haven't known him for as long as I have or you wouldn't worry about him. He keeps his nose clean with the orderly room."

"No. I didn't mean any trouble around here. I thought maybe at home. When I think of the lousy times that kid must've had when he was young . . ."

"Jeez, he didn't con you with that old pitch, did he? Listen,

that whole story is a line of bull. He tried to sling it to me a long time ago up at the N.C.O. club, but we were drinking and he got so bawled up in the story he got it all screwed around. All that guy's looking for is sympathy and somebody to cry over him."

"Well, if you think he's a liar, why in God's name do you hang around with him?"

"Look, I don't think; I know. And why do I hang around with him? Ask yourself! Tea, I guess."

I gaped at him. All a line of bull? Tea? What did he mean . . . ask yourself! Thoughts about what Mac had told me about himself whirled about in my mind. All he wanted me around for was a little sympathy . . . and maybe . . . my car. I was beginning to figure Mac out. Who was Mac for? Mac, and only Mac! It was as simple as that. The only thing complicated it was me. I was starting to think of Mac as one of the few true friends in my life.

"The facet and the stone."

Joc looked at me.

"What?"

"Nothing. Let's go out to the car and blast a couple."

"O.K. Wait'll I get Mac."

I wanted to stop him right then, but he flipped his legs over the bunk and walked down the aisle. There was no sense making a big scene out of it. I was pretty depressed, anyway. It really didn't make any difference.

The three of us went out into the humid night and walked slowly to the car. I guess we were all busy thinking. We got into the front seat and lit up. I took a couple of tentative drags, blew them out, and then sniffed the warm fragrance bouncing

back from the windshield. I felt I just had to say something to Mac.

"You know, Mac. I've come to the conclusion that you're nothing but a selfish crum . . . all that crap about your father's yacht . . . I think you're a goddam liar, that's what I think."

I had expected Mac to be at least shocked or stunned. Instead he looked at me with a malevolent anger that sent a chill up my spine. It was a little more than an ordinary chill, too, because the smoke in the car was beginning to have its effect on me. As MacMullin glared at me, his face was turning once again to pasty white, sharply contrasting his shining red lips. I began to regret shooting off my mouth, but it was a trifle too late for that. The last words I heard that night were MacMullin's.

"Man, I think I'll give you a little lesson in watching out who you call names at."

He raised his arms above his head. I glanced up at his hands. He had contorted them so that they looked crippled. The skin stretched over them was a pale, lifeless white. He was grinning; his teeth glistened. I began to have all sorts of suspicions. He leaned over and bit my shoulder hard. Reality left me completely . . . McMullin was a . . . ghoul. I tried to scream. I couldn't. I stayed there for a second, frozen in *uncomprehending* fear. I pulled away from the creature and fought the door open. I stumbled out of the car and lurched over to a pine tree nearby to catch my breath, which was coming in short, dry, gasps. McMullin slid from the car after me, grinning. My heart stood still; I couldn't

budge a muscle. He crept toward me very slowly, rubbing and squeezing his hands, and still grinning. I tried hard, oh so hard, to move my leg. It moved. I stumbled, walked, and then began to run. He came right after me. I ran on. Down the regimental street between barracks, over fences, my heart pounding, pounding. I stumbled again, looked back. He wasn't there any more. I felt a bit of relief, then worse fear. Where was he? I imagined I could feel him about my neck, his sharp teeth biting into my flesh. I could hear him laughing. I began to run again. I must have run for hours. I saw him in every shadow, behind every tree. He loomed up out of the darkness, laughing, always laughing. I ran faster, faster, faster. There he was! No, over there, over here! I stopped. I could run no more. He was all about me. There was no escape but unconsciousness. I took it.

When I awoke, the sun was coming up. I am laying face down in the parking lot beside my car. The door was swung open wide. I had sweat through all my clothes, and when I got up, the sand clung to me. Sticky. Rainy. Friday, that's right. Thank God! It was my day off-duty at headquarters. It was surely after reveille. I pushed the door of my car closed and leaned on it for a moment. I hadn't ever been this tired in my life. I started to stagger toward the Chapel. Maybe the chaplain could get me out of this mess. At least I could rest there. I knew he wouldn't tell anyone. Maybe he could even get me out of this outfit. I never wanted to see McMullin again, or hear his piano, or ever smoke one of

those blasted things again. It had been a long time coming, but here it was . . . the Morning After . . . and in a big, very big way.

Well, the chaplain heard my story and I couldn't have asked for more understanding. He got me on emergency leave orders, had one of his assistants gather my gear from the barracks, and within the next three or four hours had orders out that transferred me to another post, a few hundred miles away. I don't believe I've ever been as grateful to one man, before or since.

I had about four more months to pull in the service and they went by peacefully. I even wrote a letter to Joe Floyd letting him know where I was, and giving him my home address with an invitation to stop by if he was ever in those parts. After about a week, he answered and told me all that had happened. Both Joe and Mac had thought I'd gone AWOL, and Joe said that he was sorry that he didn't try to stop Mac, but that he did think I was pretty strong with my language. I couldn't remember everything I said that night myself. Joe even said that Mac felt bad about how it all had turned out and that it went further than he had intended.

One bright morning, a big mass of men burst from a building waving discharges in their hands, and I was one of them.

I imagine you wonder why I've told you all this. Well, you see, I'd like your opinion on something.

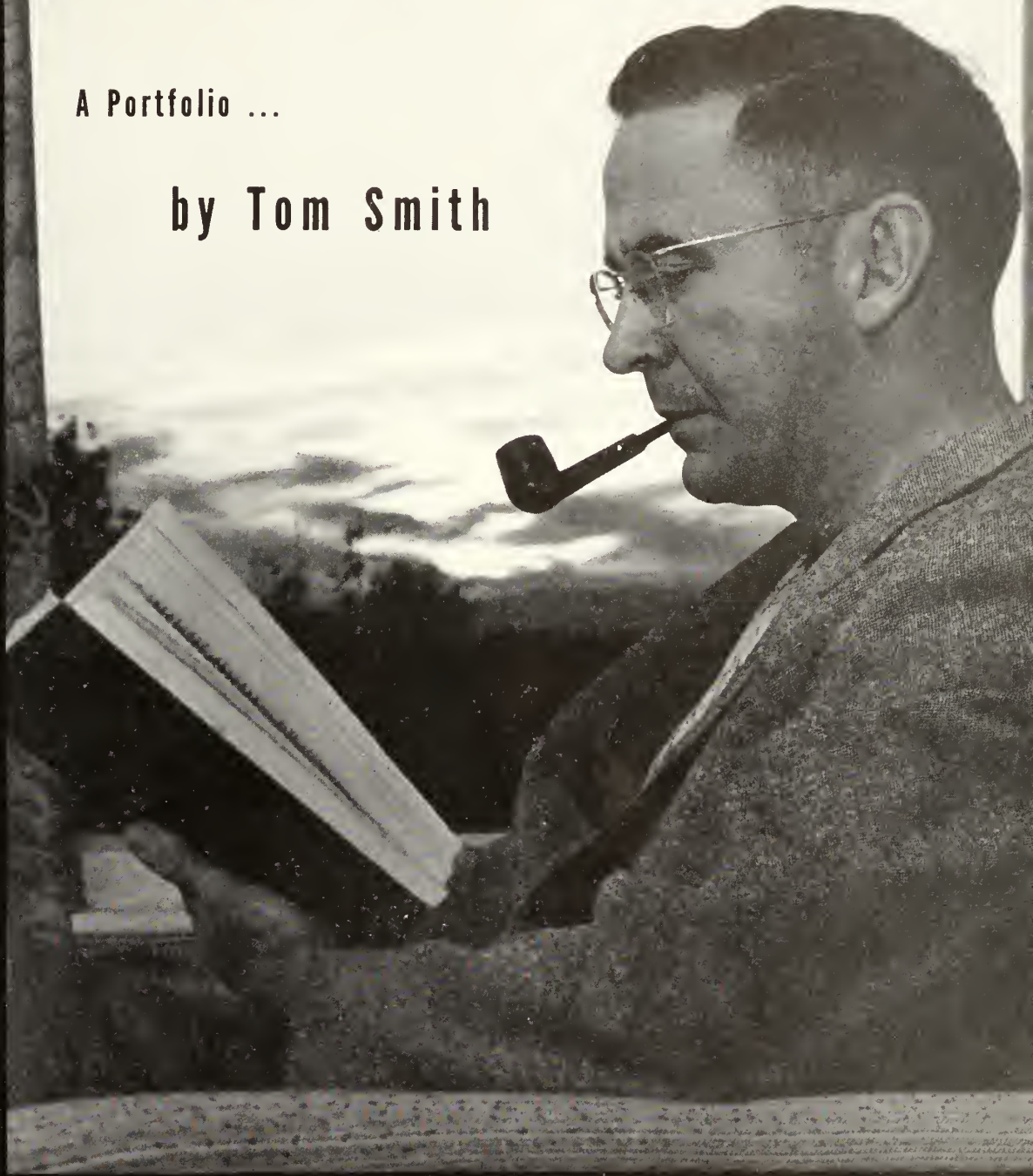
Yesterday I got a letter from McMullin. He's still in, but he's coming up to New York

(Continued on page 25)

CAMPUS AT NIGHT

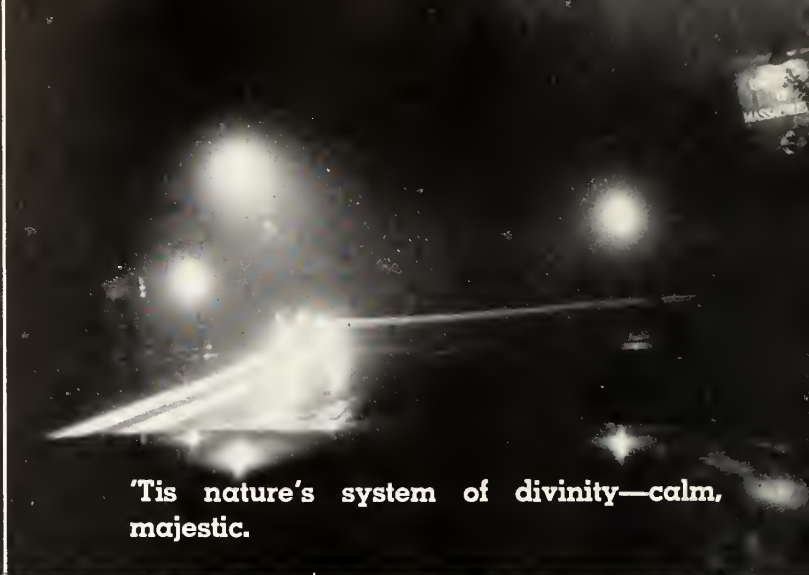
A Portfolio ...

by Tom Smith





Night ...
whose pitchy mantle overveil'd
the earth ...



'Tis nature's system of divinity—calm,
majestic.



Night brings our troubles to the light, rather
than banishes them.



Night is the mother of thoughts ...



And soft adorings from their Loves
receive ...



Memories of gay-spent, festive nights



Whence is thy Learning? Hath thy toil o'er
books consum'd the midnight oil?



Watchman, what of the night?

Traffic Lights and Strawberry Sodas . . .

(Continued from page 20)

City on leave and he wants me to meet him. So I've been wondering what to do. After all, he said he was sorry for all that happened and he's promised that it'd never be repeated. Maybe for old times sake I might even have one more blast with Mac. I guess it could nev-

er hurt me . . . not just one more . . .

Oh, what the hell, I can see by your eyes that I'm not kidding anybody but myself . . . But what do you think you'd do? Mac never let's anything go, not even a goddam fatigue jacket.

Baptism and Extreme Unction...

(Continued from Page 8)

Shore did. Reb's voice was very matter of fact. A figure, squirming through the snow on his belly, came towards them.

Well, well, if it ain't Jojo, the dog-faced boy, grinned Frankie. He walks, he talks, he crawls on his belly. Say a few words to the crowd, Jojo!

Very funny, Baker growled. Anybody hurt?

Depends which way yer lookin', Sarge, Frankie bantered. Then he motioned toward the kid. Joe was still clutching the smoking fifty; his eyes were fixed straight ahead; sweat ran down his face . . .

Okay, kid? the Sarge queried. Joe turned around and stared at him, but he was looking right through him.

Yeah, okay, he said. Yeah, I'm okay.

Still scared?

Yeah, damned scared!! Joe answered staring past the figure of the Sergeant. I never saw a man die before—never!

Congrats, kid, you've been baptized. Baker slapped him heartily on the back. Reb's eyes flashed angrily.

Yeah, Frankie agreed, yer a man now, kid.

He's got a chance ta really prove it. Baker spoke concernedly looking straight into the empty stare of the kid. Then he fixed his eyes on Frankie: They're bringin' up mortars. Stay put till they git the range, then leap-frog it back up the hill. When ya git ta the top—if ya git there—stay put . . . That's as far as we go.

That's as far as we go? Frankie repeated . . .

. . . In this world, Reb finished thoughtfully.

Maybe so, the Sarge glared, but I ain't ready for the next one yet. I'll wait awhile; I like it here! With that he slithered off on his stomach. Joe smiled weakly at Reb:

We'll git there, Reb, we'll git there.

Shore, he answered; but his voice was filled with uncertainty.

Then the sea returned; it struck the redoubt . . . but this time the wave didn't break . . . Gerty was silent.

II

The jeep hurtled madly down the narrow winding road. It bounced crazily from side to side, its wheels spattering mud

LEAVE JOYCE AT HOME

Also Hemingway,

Shakespeare and Homer

BUT—

Bring Yourself

University undergrads interested in winning a place on next year's Quarterly staff should contact Editor-in-chief Erwin Pally. Pally lives in Greenough House.

QUARTERLY
MEMORIAL HALL
ROOM 1

and snow in all directions. It roared insanely around corners on two wheels; it swerved, slid, and tipped, but finally righted itself and hurried on. It struck a glare of ice and turned around several times; the driver whipped the wheel around violently; the jeep went jouncing into a shallow ditch. Tex shoved it into four-wheel drive and came barrelling out. He glued his eyes to the road ahead.

Bet yer horse couldn't do that. Cicotti contended sarcastically.

Ma hoss would nevah got stuck inna fust place. Tex retorted . . .

Cicotti laughed. Hmm, I've had rougher rides than this . . .

Yeh. Tex interrupted with a grin. this one's onny rough on the seat . . . Ya don't git any presents with it.

Cicotti shut up. The jeep struck a rock, careened wildly; Tex pulled it back on the road. They got Ni-chi-ehi? he ventured.

Dunno . . . Way I got it, Major said they beat back five assaults . . . Talkie conked out when the sixth hit . . . Can't contact 'em . . .

Think they got 'em?

Not if I know Baker . . .

The jeep danced gaily up over a small incline; Ni-chi-ehi was in view. There on the very summit of the scarred peak, where no one could possibly overlook it, a miniature version of the Stars and Bars, its mast propped up by a pile of hastily gathered boulders, flapped proudly in the early morning breeze.

That Reb's flag?

Shore is! Cicotti breathed a sigh of relief.

The jeep left the road and tore up the backside of Ni-chi-

ehi. It bogged down in the snow and stalled. Tex floored the accelerator; the wheels spun; the rear-end swung from side to side; it stalled again.

Sorry, Sarge. Tex apologized. Ah kin go down, but ah cain't go up. Several figures came running down the slope towards them; Baker was the first one down.

Boy, Ed, am I glad ta see you!! he exclaimed. He turned to the others behind him: Git that ammo up there just as fast as ya can. We ain't got all day.

Cicotti tossed him a talkie, then ripped the canvas cover from the rear of the jeep. The figures snatched up the ammo-boxes and struggled back up the slope.

No medic? Baker queried, a pained expression on his face.

Cicotti shook his head. Couldn't spare one . . . more casualties than Carter's got pills! . . . An' they're still comin' . . . How'd ya make out?

Like Jaek the bear. We got the honey, but we got stung too.

Reb? said Tex.

Baker didn't answer. Tex rammed the jeep into reverse. Ah'm gittin' yall a medic, he growled. The jeep tore back down the road.

Com'on Ed, Baker mumbled uneasily, there's somethin' ya gotta see . . .

The kid? he said. Baker nodded: Mortar round . . .

The two sergeants clambered up the hill, then they bellied their way down to the redoubt. Hissing and smoking 'Dirty Gerty' lay in the snow: Frankie was face down beside her. Reb lay on his back staring sublimely towards the leaden skies: a thin trickle of blood crept from the corner of his open mouth. The hardened Baker wineed; he fought back a

tear; his lips trembled. Baker bowed his head: . . . For thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory forever, Amen.—he said softly.

Cicotti had dropped beside the kid. Joe was sobbing violently—great sobs that sent tremors through his whole body. I wanna go home, he wept, I wanna go home!! Ed, please lemme go home!!

Ed looked at Baker; Baker looked at the kid, then at Cicotti.

Okay, kid, he said, yer goin' home . . . tamorra.

Cicotti nodded agreement. Yeah, ya can, kid, he said. Sure ya can . . . tamorra . . .

III

The sun collapsed wearily into his bed behind the line of purple hills ridging the west. He yawned; gazing momentarily at his strato-cumulous ceiling, he pulled the covers of darkness over his head; he tossed a bit, snuggled deeper under the covers, and with a protracted sigh fell into an exhausted snooze. Imperceptibly the silence of night settled heavily upon the landscape. Once the staccato gossip of a .50 caliber chattered on the ridge to the right, followed immediately by the belch of a 'burp' gun and the husky bark of several Garands. Somewhere someone stifled a cough or a sneeze. They, too, became silent . . . Somewhere in the vast expanse of darkness a watch ticked softly . . .

Jus' think, Ed, I'm goin' home tamorra!

Sure ya are, kid. The voice was patient and understanding.

Yer comin', too, ain'tcha, Ed?

Sure, Joe, sure. Yeah, I'm comin' with ya.

Boy, we'll really live it up in

'Frisco, won't we, Ed? The other voice was optimistic.

You bet, Joe, you bet we will!

Drunk ev'ry night?

Ev'ry night, kid.

An' women?

Plenny o' women . . .

Great, huh?

Yeah, real great . . . A watch ticked quietly on and on.

Ten pas' threc, kid.

Head's killin' mc. Ed! Gim-mee a slug o' that morphine, will ya?

I ain't got no morphine, kid . . . not a damn bit.

Okay, Ed, don' get sore! You ain't sore?

Naw, kid, I ain't sore . . . A watch ticked fiendishly in its insane race with time.

Gotta cigarette, Ed? Dyin' fer a drag . . .

Gave ya the las' one, kid.

Sure ya ain't got one more?

Yeah, I'm sure.

Damn, sure could use a drag . . .

I know, kid. Cicotti checked his bolt; then once again he peered into the blackness. There was no moon.

Ed, it's snowin' . . .

Yeah, it is . . . sure, it is, kid. The voice was patient, very patient.

It's snowin', Ed, it's snowin' . . .

Yeah, Joe, it's snowin'. Take it easy, will ya?

Okay, Ed, yeah, okay . . . But it's snowin', snowin' some-thin' fierce . . . Can't ya see it, Ed? . . . Lookit, lookit . . .

Easy, Joe, Com'on, ya gotta take it easy, fella.

Sure, Eddie, sure . . . I got-ta take it easy . . . take it easy . . . gotta take it easy . . . The other voice rambled; then there was a moment of silence—a cold, awkward silence.

Hey, Ed, gotta headache . . .

bitch of a headache! Gim-mee an aspirin, willya?

I tole ya, kid, I ain't got no SPC's. I'll git ya some first thin' tamorra.

Sure, Ed, sure . . . But it hurts . . . damn, it hurts . . . like a tooth, only worse . . . Hey, Ed, what time is it? Huh? I can't see minc . . . it's too dark . . . too goddam dark . . .

Easy, kid, it's quarter pas' three. Just a coupla hours more. Try an' git some sleep, will ya? Do ya good. The voice was patient again.

Can't Ed. . . . tried. Head keeps wakin' me up . . . keeps beatin', beatin', beatin', like a goddam' drum!!!! Can't sleep, Ed . . . won't lemmce!—The other voice grew desperate, then calmed completely—Still snowin', Ed?

Yeah, it's snowin' snowin' somethin' fierce.

See, I tole ya! Big flakes, too, ain't they? I can see 'em.

Sure ya can, kid. Grcat big flakes—big and beautiful . . .

Ya see 'em, too, huh, Ed?

Sure.

Pretty, ain't they?

Yeh, real pretty . . .

Awful pretty . . . The other voice trailed off into another moment of silence—a strained, terrifying silence, an ubiquitous silence spasmodically violated. Somewhere a bolt clicked; somewhere the hammering tick of a watch blasted the stillness like some rhythmic beater timing the oar-stroke of some lost galleon cursing the sea of eternity.

What time is it now, Ed? Still can't see this goddam watch . . .

Twentyta four, kid, twenty ta four.

How much longer, Ed? How much longer? . . . This head-ache's killin' me! drivin' me

bats!!! . . . Gotta git an aspirin . . . Sure ya ain't got onc, Ed?

I'm sure, kid.

Look again, Ed, I gotta git somethin' . . .

Kid, I ain't got no SPC's . . . Com' on, boy, lay still . . . no sense in gittin' up. Lay down; try an' git some sleep . . .

Okay, Ed, okay! Ya ain't sore, are ya, Ed? Are ya?

Nope, I . . .

. . . ain't sore, are ya Ed? Are ya?

Nope, kid, I ain't a bit sore. In the darkness someone sneezed; someone rammed a clip home; still the watch ticked softly.

Cold, kid?

Yeah, colder 'an a bitch! Sure could use ole Kimiko 'bout now . . . What time is it, Ed? Time yet?

Not quite, kid. Quarter o' four . . .

Quarter of . . . Say, Ed . . . ?

Yeah?

Did I ever tell ya . . . ?

What about?

Marie . . .

Sure, kid, lotsa times. Quite a girl, huh?

Yeah, lemmee tell ya 'bout 'er . . .

Sure, kid, but not now. Ya shouldn't be talkin'. Tell me 'bout 'er tamorra. Try an' sleep, huh?

Can't sleep . . . gotta do somethin' . . . head's killin' me . . . Ed, do somethin', will ya?? 'Drivin' me bats—The other voice was pleading, begging . . .

I can't, kid! I can't do a damned thing! Not a damned thing. The voice was resigned and helpless.

Morphine, Ed? Got any morphine?

Can't give it ta ya, kid; ain't got none!

Gone?

All gone. The watch ticked quietly.

'Bout a weed? Gotta weed, Ed?

I tole ya, kid. they're all gone . . .

Gone, too?

Yeah, all gone, too.

Everythin's gone . . . Ain't nothin' left . . . Not a . . .!!

Easy, kid, take it easy.

Okay, Ed . . . Take it easy . . . Ev'rythin's gone . . . Ain't nothin' left . . . Member Marie? . . . soft an' sweet an' beautiful . . .? She loved me, Ed . . .

Sure she did, kid.

An' loved 'er too, didn't I?

Yeah, ya did.

Wonder what she's doin' ta-night? Ya know, Ed?

Nope.

Lemme tell ya: playin' around with some joker!! She's no goddam good . . .

Easy, kid . . .

. . . She's no good . . . Take on anythin' with pants . . . an' money . . . No questions asked . . . What time is it, Ed?

Five of.

Moonglow Club, anytime . . . Still snowin', Ed? Still snowin', ain't it?

Somethin' fierce, kid.

Thought so . . . Loved 'er though, Ed. No damn good an' I loved 'er . . . Finny, ain't it?

Yeah, real funny.

Why'd I do it, Ed? Tell me, why?

Got me. People do funny things.

Four yet, Ed?

Almost.

Christ, Ed, I'm freezin'! Colder 'an hell!

I know, kid. Take it easy, will ya?

Sure . . . See the sun yet?

Uh-huh.

Head's killin' me, Ed . . .

Drivin' me nuts! . . . Throbbin', throbbin', throbbin' .

Easy, boy, easy.

Gotta drink, Ed? Thirsty as a bitch . . .

Sure, kid, just a sec. The voice was very patient.

Thanks, Ed, thanks . . . Great guy, real great guy, ain'tcha?

Yer okay yerself, kid. How about tryin' that sleep again?

Okay, Ed, sure . . . Four, yet?

Just. Take it easy. Rest awhile.

I'll try: buzz when that aspirin gets here.

Sure, kid, anythin' ya say.

'Night, Ed.

G'night, kid . . . G'night, fella. A watch ticked on and on: ticking, ticking, ticking, ticking . . .

The sun awoke. Weary from his previous day's debauch, he stuck a bleary, bloodshot eye over the bleak and barren hills for a moment: he went back to bed, and, pulling the quilted blankets of storm-clouds over his aching head, he slept it off. About noon a soft breeze ushered away his covers; and he peered out onto a veil of soft, chaste snow.

Hey, somebody here need a medic?

Little late, ain'tcha, buddy? The corpsman examined the lifeless form: Yeah, looks that way. He's had it, poor kid.

I watched 'im die . . . slow an' painful. He kep' askin' for morphine—he begged me for morphine—an' I couldn't give it to 'im . . . A whole goddamn box o' the stuff, an' I couldn't give it to 'im!! . . . It just don't make no goddam sense . . .

Tough!—The corpsman shook his head compassionately—Christ!!

Yeah, real tough. Got a faceful o' shrapnel from a mortar round . . .

Messy stuff . . .

Yeah, he kep' watchin' fer the sun . . . kep' lookin' at his watch . . . kep' seein' things . . . snow . . . an' 'e had nothin' ta see with . . .

Poor kid!!

. . . A whole goddamn box o' the stuff, an' I couldn't give it to 'im . . . It don't make no sense . . . no goddam sense at all . . . He hurled the morphine syrettes violently down the slope.

Easy, fella. Ya wanta crack up yerself! Ya knew 'im pretty well?

Yeah, real well . . . name's Joe . . . Joe Cicotti, my kid brother . . . It don't make no goddam sense . . .

Cicotti swung the M-1 up to his shoulder; he stared down the hill towards the grim countenance of Chi-chi as he adjusted the liner in his helmet. He turned slightly and gazed down at the blanketed form. Cold, callous, uncompromising Ed Cicotti shook his head. The hardened lines of his bewhiskered face softened a little.

G'night, kid, he said softly. (His voice was like the whisper of the breeze through the sombre pines of a distant forest.) G'night, Joe, he whispered, g'night.

Ni-chi-chi is a barren hill: its slopes totally devoid of all vegetation. What little there had been has long since been blasted away. Only the rocks remain: massive granitic outcrops that ridge the concave summit and gaze frowningly over the valley below. Only the rocks remain, and man . . .

Take Me to the Park...

(Continued from Page 12)

bag you'd say that was comfortable too."

"Good enough for the potatoes, good enough for me. I'm a baby Rousseau."

"Who?" She looked puzzled.

"Nobody important. He never made any money."

"Money you don't care?"

She stopped to think a moment and then rephrased her question. "You don't care about money?" The young man smiled. She went on, "But the thousand dollar fidelity set, that you like."

"You're right. I'm a walking paradox. Listen to the music. They took "Kismet" from part of that, now "Kismet" made money. But when you go and put words to music like that, you spoil it."

"Stop talking that nonsense, will you and stop wiggling your toes. Music, painting, that's all you ever think about." She turned to the high fidelity set. "Sits there wiggling his toes; the responsibility of a two year old he has. Bill has more sachel than him."

The young man smiled. "Now let's not get hysterical."

She turned on him quickly. "Are you going back to college next semester?"

"You asked me that seven times in the last two days. I told you, I don't know."

"Why don't you go back?"

"I don't know. I don't know." The music stopped, he continued wiggling his toes.

"Why don't you go in the Army then, and get it over with?"

"Because every time I think of the Army I wanna puke."

"Don't talk that way."

"Then don't ask me questions

I can't answer, you know I can't answer."

"You have to do something."

"Yes, yes I know that. For god's sakes don't you think I know that."

"What does Edelman say?"

"Psychologists don't say, they listen."

"For ten dollars an hour they should say something, too."

Eliot got up and turned the record over, then he went back to the same position on the couch. "If more people would listen instead of talking things would be a hell of a lot better." He was wiggling his toes once again.

"Don't swear."

"I wasn't swearing, for Christ's sakes leave me alone, will you."

"Why must you listen to music now?"

The young man took a deep breath and threw his arms up in the air. "Why don't you get into the Gestapo. You'd do fine."

"You said you were going to the concert with Julie. You'll hear music all afternoon."

"Mother dear," he thumped his chest with the fingers of his right hand, "I love music, I adore music, I worship music. That's why I listen to it. It's my fetish."

"It's unhealthy the way you just lie around and do nothing else. Why don't you read a book."

"I used to read all the time, remember? You told me my eyes would pop out from reading so much so I stopped."

"Just sitting around, look at you. Don't you ever shave anymore?"

"Too much trouble."

"Just sitting around listening and listening and listening—"

"I know, don't tell me. My ears are gonna fall off."

"Did you ever talk to Dr. Edelman about it?"

"About my ears falling off?"

"Is that his idea, to sit around all day and listen to music? That's a beautiful idea for ten dollars an hour."

The young man sat up quickly and screamed, "I'll pay you back. I'll pay you back every goddamn penny; I swear I'll pay you back."

The woman answered quietly, "You don't have to yell. What time are you picking up Julia?"

He fell back on the couch. "About two-thirty."

"What a girl like Julia sees in you I'll never know."

"Thank you." He began to wiggle his toes once again.

"For her birthday, her birthday; to a concert you're taking her and where are you going to sit, up in the third balcony. Beautiful place for a girl like Julia."

"She doesn't mind, why should you."

"Negroes sit in the third balcony."

"Listen," he was on his feet now and yelling, "Let's not kid ourselves, I'll let you throw the crap around most of the time but for once let's not kid ourselves."

Mrs. Silver sunk down on a chair. "To your mother you're talking, your mother."

"The only reason you object to my sitting in the goddam third balcony," his voice was quieter now but still as bitter, "is because you're afraid Julia's

folks will find out." He began pacing the floor, hands in the bathrobe pockets. "And that won't look so good, will it?"

"Stop talking nonsense."

"No I won't stop talking nonsense. Listen for once and hear for once, not just with your ears." He pointed his finger towards her. "The son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan P. Silver sitting in the goddam third balcony with people who only make fifty bucks a week; that won't look so good will it? They might like music but the poor bastards, all they make is fifty bucks a week."

"Eliot, genug, enough all ready."

He was pacing the floor again and shaking his head slowly. "Course Nathan P. Silver, he never went on relief and my sister had to go to the store with coupons to get milk. No, that never happened. Nathan P. Silver he never went bankrupt, he never had a double mortgage on his home. That never happened. My mother, she never worked in a bakery fourteen hours a day; no, that never happened."

She began to cry quietly and her heavy body shook in spasms. He watched her in silence and then walked to her and knelt down beside the chair and put his arm around her shoulder as her big bosom heaved up and down. She was looking at the floor.

Finally he said softly. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry ma."

She looked up at his face, the thick black hair across his forehead, watched him push it back, thought she saw tears in his eyes but couldn't be sure because she could not see very clearly herself. She touched his cheek with her plump hand and they stared at each other; and

for a moment, for a single silent simple moment, she almost had her son back.

The young man got up slowly and went over to the phonograph and shut it off. Then he went back to the couch and sat down with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

"Elielle, get dressed, they'll be waiting for you."

"Ah, ma, I hate even to go over there. It's such a mess. It's such a mess all over."

"Not so bad."

"Ma, nothing seems to be happening with Dr. Edelman. I go there, I talk; I still feel the same way. I'm afraid, ma; I don't know why but I just am. I'm afraid to do so many things like a little boy. I want to be strong, ma; I want to be a man but I'm not. I'm weak. Harvey, he's a man. He's no good, but at least he's a man."

"Shah, go upstairs and get dressed."

"I don't like to go over there, ma."

"There are some things you gotta try to do even if you don't want to."

"I know; I'm trying ma, I don't wanna be this way."

"I know."

"It's such a mess, such a mess all over. That's not a marriage they got over there, it's a truce."

"Ah, *mein kind*, sometimes to look too deep, it doesn't pay."

"I have to ma. You do it once, you gotta do it all the time."

"Get dressed."

"I wanna puke every time I think of it over there. Miriam's a good girl, she deserved something better than that. And the little kid, right in the middle. How does a mumser like that have such a good little kid?"

"That bad, er ist nicht. And

you should not tell too much your psychology to Miriam. To know too much about things it'll only make her more unhappy."

"It's the little one, ma; he's right in the middle. They're grown people, but the little one, he's right in the middle."

"Der kleine, he will be all right. Exactly with everyone he'll be; no worse, no better."

"Like everyone. That's why he sucks his thumb and cries all the time. You know what he does, ma, he goes up to the bathroom and locks the door and runs the faucet and cries. He's ashamed to cry ma, because that mumser—oh look who's here, der kleine, herr Ownstein."

Billy stood at the doorway of the living room, watching them both, then he ran over to his uncle who scooped him up in his hands and made a humming noise like an airplane. "What's new, champ?" "Ah, nothing much. Same old stuff." Eliot winked at his mother, he put him down on the floor and gave him a playful tap on the behind.

The boy took out his half dollar and showed it to his uncle.

"Where did you get all the dough?"

"Daddy."

"A half dollar, that's big money."

"Not so much, my Daddy sometimes gives me a dollar."

"That's nice." Eliot looked over towards his mother who shook her head as if to say: don't make an issue of it.

"When Nathan P. comes home I'm going to tell him, maybe he'll let you invest it into the furniture business." The mother and grandchild laughed appreciatively.

The boy said to his uncle. "Will you go with me today?"

"Where?"

"To the park. Will you take me to the park?"

Eliot looked knowingly at his mother once again. "Isn't Daddy going to take you?"

"He says he might but he won't. I know he won't. He's too tired, he's always tired." He paused. "Will you?"

"Gee, I'm sorry, champ, but it's Julia's birthday today and we're going to the concert. Give me a raincheck on it will you?"

Mrs. Silver got up and said that she had to go into the kitchen and see how dinner was. As she left the room Eliot said to her. "Things are nice all over, ma, aren't they?"

Mrs. Silver turned slowly at the doorway and faced her son. "A boy and a man you are, all at the same time." She turned quickly and left the room as though she was embarrassed by what she had just said. Eliot lay back on the couch, staring after her—

"What did she mean, Uncle Eliot?"

"Sometimes you really can't be sure."

The boy interrupted his uncle's thoughts. "Uncle Eliot, why do you like girls?"

"Because they wear pretty things."

"No, I mean really why?"

"Well, all the guys I know are in the Army; all's left is girls so I have to take them out."

"Ah, that ain't the reason."

"It'll do for a while young man, it'll do for a while," he mumbled to himself.

"What?"

"Nothing. C'mon upstairs and we'll shave."

"I don't need one."

"Ah, take it anyway."

"O.K."

Eliot got up slowly from the couch and put on his horn-rimmed glasses which were on the coffee table. The uncle and his nephew climbed the stairs, hand in hand.

"You got a sharp blade for me?"

"Of course."

"Is it really sharp?"

"Give you the best one I got."

PART THREE

Eliot sat at the table, impatiently awaiting the end of the meal, so he could leave.

"Daddy, you know what me and Uncle Eliot did?"

Harvey Ornstein looked up vaguely from the newspaper. "What?"

"We shaved."

"That's nice," his father mumbled, and went back to the paper. "That's real nice."

The boy turned to his uncle. "Uncle Eliot is eating a pathetic experience."

"A what?" laughed Miriam.

"You know," said the boy still looking at his Uncle, "What we were talking about when we was shaving."

"You mean esthetic experience," laughed Eliot and the three of them began to roar.

"What's this, a goddamn crazyhouse? Can't you see I'm trying to read?"

They were quiet for several moments as Harvey went back to his paper and then the little boy pressed his question further. "Is it?"

"Is what what?" teased Eliot.

"You know, what you said."

"Well," he stole a glance at Harvey and then winked at Miriam. "I guess for some people it is."

Miriam broke out in laughter once again and Harvey

stared at her angrily. "For Christ's sakes Miriam, you set a wonderful example for the kid. You're a mother, remember? This is a dinner table, not a circus."

"We're only having a little fun," she pleaded.

"I'm no psychologist, I don't get ten bucks an hour, so I don't have to put up with this nonsense."

Eliot's knuckles were trembling and he began to wiggle his toes.

"Well if you spent some time with us at the table instead of always reading the paper, you could lead us in discussions."

"Don't get cute, Miriam, don't get cute."

After a while the boy asked his father; "Are we going to the park this afternoon, Daddy?" No answer. "You said to ask you after dinner. Are we, huh, are we?"

"Oh, don't bother me."

"You said to ask you after dinner, you said to ask you."

"Leave me alone," he thundered. "Leave me alone you little squirt." He slammed the paper down on the floor. The boy's eyes began to fill with tears.

The father spoke to the boy. "I'm sorry, Billy, Billy." The boy was crying easily now and Harvey took out a handkerchief and tried to wipe his eyes but the boy turned away from him. Miriam stared out the window and bit her lip.

Suddenly the boy got up from his chair. He took out the half dollar from his pocket and threw it at his father. It hit his chest and bounced off onto the floor and the boy ran upstairs to the bathroom.

Harvey got up and left the table. Miriam began to cry and Eliot moved his chair over to hers and put his arm around

her shoulder. He wanted to run and leave them all there forever, run into Julia's arms and forget everything, blot them out of his memory, the pain and the fear, he wanted to run. But he couldn't: he wanted to run, but he couldn't because Miriam was crying and the kid was upstairs all alone.

"Miriam, take it easy baby." He patted her gently on the shoulder. "Miriam honey, take it easy."

"I don't know what to do." she choked. "I just don't know what to do, Eliot. He's . . ."

"I know, I know." They heard the front door slam.

"That's how he takes care of

everything, that's how he gets out of things, slamming doors, running away, Eliot."

"I know, baby. I know. Go upstairs and get some sleep."

"The baby."

"He'll be all right."

She got up slowly and kissed him on the cheek. Eliot stood in the center of the kitchen staring at the dishes on the table. He put them all in the sink and cleared away the rest of the things. Then he picked up the half dollar from the floor and put it in his pocket. He heard the water running in the upstairs bathroom and it made him think of the concert this afternoon and he wondered

what would be on the program.

When he heard Julia's voice on the other end of the phone he spoke quietly, calmly. "Honey, I can't make it this afternoon, there's some trouble at home. What? . . . Yeah, things have gotten worse. I'm sorry, honey, forgive me, it's just something I have to do; you know what I mean . . . I love you too, honey. Tonight, I'll see you tonight."

He put the receiver on the hook, walked into Billy's room and picked up his warm winter coat, gloves and hat. Then he climbed the stairs slowly, his hand in his pocket fingering the big shiny half dollar.

Not to the Swift

Barbara Gillespie

Tentacled, grasping for the hidden prey
devouring sand and viscid slime in greed;
an all engulfing maw. In crimson spray
spewing precious shreds, again to feed
with eagerness that loses what is best
and never knows what satisfaction is:
contented nibbling at a captured quest.
The gut is filled, yet spirit calmly lives.

How like those men who restless, seething, strain
to wring from life each appetites' desire;
unheeding that the refuse of their gain
might hide the answer for which men aspire.
How few are those, who find the wise man's part
in slow reflection, most of acting art.

Maria...

quickly. His long slender fingers put each piece into its proper place with no noise at all. She noted his thick hair neatly parted, and his unwrinkled pin-striped shirt to match the sharply creased army pants.

Her observations were cut short as Tiny, the chef yelled, "Godamnit, what's the matter with you girls, pick up your orders."

The plates were hot as she took them out from under the heater, but the pain did not penetrate very far; the picture of Walter was still in her mind. She wanted to turn around and look at him again; the contrast was refreshing.

She rushed over to pick up her vegetables, but had to wait; Tiny was taking a drink from his large glass of cloudy ice water. Even now he looked ridiculous, such a big man; more like a mound of flesh loosely thrown together than a real human being. His features almost sickened her, they were so coarse and flabby. His small rough moustache looked out of place and big drops of sweat worked their way lazily to his small round mouth.

"Hey, Maria, pick up; can't you understand English yet?"

"I come, I wait," Maria replied, trying to swallow the German in her accent. She balanced the vegetable dishes carefully on her tray. "Oh, God, if I ever drop something again," she thought, as she hurried out, glancing quickly at Walter.

As the door was swinging closed behind her Tiny said, "You know, if it's one thing I can't stand it's a damn heinie;

spent two years of my life killin' 'em and then ya gotta spend the rest of your life working for 'em. Hell, someday I'm gonna tell that Maria where to get off, she thinks she's so damned efficient."

"Leave the poor kid alone, will you, Tiny," Sam said, "she didn't ask to be born there, you know."

"Aw, she's a heinie just like the rest of 'em, I can tell by the look in their eyes."

"I've met some pretty fine people who are German," Walter ventured to say.

"Who the hell asked your opinion; will you listen to that? The first day a guy works here, and he has to put his two cents in."

Walter's reply was lost in the clamour of the dishes and when Maria returned to the kitchen, she heard Sam singing, "Cross over the bridge, cross over the bridge, leave your pickle patch behind you . . ."

Laughing, Maria said, "Oh, Sam, the song not pickle patch, it's fickle past, and she sang a line of it for him in a soft clear voice.

"I never knew you could sing Maria," Sam said.

"Oh, that is nothing, we always used to . . ."

"There's too much goddamn noise in this kitchen; shut-up all of you," Tiny yelled.

In the silence which had suddenly been thrown on the kitchen, Maria worked her way quietly to the closet to get clean plates. How could she talk to Walter, just to let him know she was there? She went to get some clean silver from the tray where he was drying it. Before she could reach for them

(Continued from Page 13)

he said, "Here are the spoons you need, Maria."

"Thank you, Walter," and she felt a small blush growing from the slight panic she felt. There was something so gentle about him, almost as if he had just saved those spoons for her, and dried them with extra care. She then noticed that he was listening closely to something. The music was coming in from the dining room. "Isn't that a waltz from some German opera?" he asked her.

It was so familiar, they had always hummed it at home, but she never knew the names of melodies. If only she knew, but before she could feel embarrassed he said, "Oh, yes it's from 'Die Fledermause.'"

"Oh, that's right, I have always loved it," and she gave him a smile of mutual appreciation. Imagine, someone working in the kitchen as a dishwasher who knows German opera. As she walked past Sam to get the cups, he whispered in her ear. "This one's educated."

She said quietly, "Yah, I hear he came yesterday, he seems intelligent and polite."

Sam smiled at her with a slight teasing look in his eyes and she quickly turned to look at the clock. It was already eight-thirty; well the worst was over, she thought. It was only now, as she slowed down that she could feel the extreme ache of her body. She leaned against the table to steady herself and slow the staccato rhythm which still rushed the tempo of her whole being. Walter—he was interesting; she almost felt as if he understood her and knew of her loneliness.

It was odd that he should know her favorite tune. She almost felt that she had known him a long time, as if they had met somewhere before. But that was only imagining things. From being alone so much, she had created nice people in her mind; she thought of them so much that sometimes when she waited on people she got the feeling of familiarity. Almost as if she had known them before, she wanted to know them. Like that couple today who had said, "Isn't her accent interesting." That was just because they had been to Europe last summer. Nice people though; they had a daughter about her age taking lessons at the music school. It must be nice to study, go out to dinner and have someone to love . . . "

"Sweep out, clean out," Tiny shouted as he pushed his foot against a tin can, making it fly across the kitchen. His eyes darted from person to person, looking for something, and when they came to Walter, he stopped. He listened to Walter talking to Maria. Maria was laughing and said, "Oh, I did not know you could speak German, that is wonderful."

"I just picked up a few words, frauline Maria. Ich kann nicht gut speak."

They both laughed, "Yah, you do fine," Maria said.

"I'll tell you what, you teach me . . ."

"She'll teach you nothing, Walter," Tiny said; "what do you think this is, social hour? We don't have no after dinner conversations in here like the people out there," he said pointing to the dining room. "And for God's sake, I don't want to hear that German, had enough of the damn heinies."

Maria glanced with embar-

assment toward Walter, their eyes met, no words were spoken, but they could both go on working in the calm silence. All that could be heard was the churning of the machine and the scraping of the dishes.

Barbara, one of the waitresses burst in. "What a night, honestly, I was so rushed I didn't know whether I was coming or going, how'd you do Maria?"

"I got pretty good tips; but tired, you too, jah? Maybe we get cleaned up and sweep and then we can relax and talk together."

"Say, you're right Maria, and I've got a date at ten; God, how will he love me looking like this?" and she ran one hand through her short loose hair, using the other arm to lead Marie out to the dining room.

As they were sweeping she said, "Hope I have enough money saved to make it through school this year, that's the only reason I'm in this rat race. You know, sometimes I hate it so I could scream. And that Tiny, he's so obnoxious. I hope he leaves that new guy alone. I don't know how you stand it, Maria, living here and all. You never get out of it, why don't you try finding a steady job of some sort or try to go to school."

"That is what I would like, but my English is not good. I must learn first."

"Hey, why don't you get that new fellow, the polite one . . ."

"Walter?"

"Yes, why don't you get him to teach you some English. He's really smart, even went to college, and that is something for a dishwasher. I wonder why he's a dishwasher, he speaks so well and knows a lot. There must be something wrong with

him; they all fall down somewhere, work a week, get their pay check, and then go off on a binge.

"He seems different, though."

"Yes, you're right, I heard him say that he wanted to go back to college."

"But he is over thirty, how can he?"

"I don't know, some people just can, or else they think they can. Nobody even knows what he's done all this time, or where he's been. Well, I have to run to keep my date, mind finishing up for me, Maria; you're a doll, thanks a million."

"That's alright, I finish, Barbara," and she continued sweeping.

When she turned out the lights the darkness seemed to absorb some of the heat, but as she went up to her room on the third floor, where all the help slept, she felt the pressure of the heat again. She took the steps slowly; now every part of her body ached, but it was a satisfying pain. It gave her the feeling that she had used her body for all it was worth, and she didn't feel such completeness very often. The ache in her back was almost welcome because she knew that now she could rest with real satisfaction—she had worked like everybody else.

It was almost like at home when all the children helped out in her father's bake shop and before holidays they worked long hours. They would all be exhausted late at night but somehow they never minded it because they got so silly and laughed and sang. Her father had a stern temper, like Tiny, only he never meant anything by it. He would always end the evening with a kiss and a smile for his special "Marichen." She

had understood her father, but it was harder for her younger brother Hans who was always so sensitive. But he had changed when the G.I.'s were billeted to stay with them. What fun they all had singing and joking in the kitchen. And the stories they used to tell about America, unbelievable. But she had her favourite, even then, when she was twelve years old. He was more quiet than the others, and perhaps this is why she felt closer to him. He would read a lot, and listen to music, how he had played those waltzes over and over again on the old phonograph. Was it the same waltz as this morning? She did not talk to him very much, but she would sit and listen with him. With his slender fingers, the same fingers, he would turn each record over carefully, smile at her gently, then lean back in the arm chair and retreat into a world which she thought she could share. It must have been the music which made her feel this closeness, or perhaps her childish imagination had created the relationship. He never told her his name, she just called him G.I. She had really never been alone with him very often, but the day he did not come back, she felt as if she had lost her whole world. He did not even say good-bye, they never found out why he left. Hans could not believe it, and her father said that this is the way these Americans are, good natured but so unreliable. Maria had tried to understand, but she could never bring herself to believe that he had gone out of their lives completely. She would dream about him. One night he was her teacher, then her father, and later his features were molded in her mind

to become her secret boyfriend. But then she grew up and with slight embarrassment realized that this had been a childish game she was playing. She did not want to think about him very often after that.

"Oh, but Walter could not be the same G.I.," she thought as she stopped to rest on the chair in the hall. They all look alike in their uniforms, and it was over ten years ago. This is silly . . . but maybe . . . they could be together, perhaps even, he would love her. They could do wonderful things together, see America the way he had told her about it, not be alone, do things together . . .

The sound of water running full force in the bath room brought her back to reality. That must be Tiny taking his weekly bath. She wanted to leave before he came out. She took one quick glance around the hall, wondering which door was Walter's, and hurried to her room.

She lay awake a long time on the blanketless bed with a light sheet drawn over her. No matter how hot it was, she always had to have something to cover her and she pulled it up close to her chin. It gave her an intimate secure feeling. She pulled her knees up close to her body and experienced a warm peacefulness as she thought of Walter. Tomorrow, she would ask him somehow. Perhaps he didn't want to know her again. It would take a delicate question to find out, but she would do it. "please God, help me to find him."

She was in a half dreaming and half awake state; first she was taking orders and trying to lift a tray but she couldn't get it up, no matter how she arranged the dishes. Everyone

was laughing and pointing. Suddenly a new source of strength was revived in her body, almost as if a cool slender hand, not her own, were lifting the tray. She carried it high over her head and right out of the restaurant.

She woke up as she heard a slight rustle. Instinctively she knew there was someone in the room. When her eyes adjusted to the darkness she could see a white figure standing against the window. Her body tensed from head to foot, she could not move and dared not speak. The man at the window was oblivious to all except the air which he was greedily drinking in. Then, with slow swaying movements, he turned and stared at her openly. Facing her dark frightened eyes, his own seemed to flicker in recognition, and he looked at her as if he realized for the first time where he was and what he was doing.

"Maria. I'm sorry, terribly sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," and he moved further away from her bed toward the door.

"Oh, oh, I did not know it was you, G.I. I just woke up, why are you here?"

"I couldn't sleep, it was such a hot night, I went out for a drink. Guess I had a little too much, but I'm all right, really, all right," and his body swayed toward the door.

"You better go; but wait, if Tiny sees you he will be mad, please be careful."

"It doesn't matter anyway, he can't hurt me, but it's you I'm worried about."

"I am alright, I always could take care of myself, not like Hans, do you remember?"

"Hans, Maria; yes 'Mari-chen' I remember, those were wonderful days, I'm sorry I

left, but I couldn't help it, you see I was a bad boy that week-end, got loaded, no more passes after that. I hear someone outside, I'd better go, we can talk tomorrow, we have the rest of our lives to talk; good-night, darling."

She sat awake a long time, it was almost like a dream, but no it was real, it all was real, she lay down, covered herself, and cried softly into the pillow.

Later that night, she heard men's shouts, "get away from me you drunk bastard," and there was pushing and falling. Her tiredness overpowered her, and she went back into the security of peaceful sleep.

Toward early morning she was awakened by a cool breeze, it was raining outside. The lightening zig-zagged crazily in and out of the sky; it seemed to jump right at her, but somehow it wasn't frightening, but cool—exciting and delicious. She leaned her head out the window, let the rain hit her face. Walter must be downstairs, "I hope he got back to his room all right," and she hurried down.

When she came to the kitchen, Walter was not there. Sam did not whistle, even Tiny was silent, and she caught her breath as she saw a large scratch on Tiny's cheek. She remembered the shouts, a fight, what had happened?

"Where is Walter, should I call him?" she asked with forced calm.

Tiny turned to her, "Don't bother, Maria, the son of a bitch made a little trouble last night, but we took care of him, you won't be seeing him around here again."

"You mean he is gone, why, what happened, why did you fight?" she asked with a hint of despair in her voice.

"You should know the answer to that one, Maria; it was your door he was leaning against when he picked a fight with me; why don't you tell us Maria?" Tiny said with a pasty smile.

"What you want from me, I know nothing, I slept all night."

"That's a good one, she slept all night, will ya listen to that,"

and Tiny laughed uncontrollably.

"Shut-up, for God's sake shut-up and let the poor kid alone," Sam said in a voice which carried the impulse of a strong fist.

"Aw, the guy was completely nuts anyway, said he had found himself, or some baloney. You should have heard him and when I asked him why he was trying to get in your room, he pushed me, but I let him have it, not gonna take that stuff from anybody, least of all from a damn heinie."

"He was good, don't talk about him that way," Maria said with conviction.

"Yeah, I know you thought he was good, the way you looked at him, real chummy like, now what's wrong with a guy like me?" and he extended a flabby arm to her shoulder.

She darted from his grasp quickly, "I hate you, he couldn't help it, I liked him, and I will find him again," and with a quick motion, she picked up the heavy tray, carrying it high over her head, and walked out into the clean cool dining room.

Mystic Candles

David Licciardi

If you have known love kindling inside
As eternity in a moment of reality,
Known the wonder of a child's hand
As aspect of an infinite merit be.
It was all.
It will ever be.
A moment's harmony.
If you have felt the life and blood and heartbeat flow,
Cradled in your arms the moment's glow.
It was a moment much more so.

Book Reviews

A FABLE. WILLIAM FAULKNER.

NEW YORK: RANDOM HOUSE. \$4.75

Reviewed by David Wetterberg

Although the publishers of *A Fable* would have us believe otherwise, the latest novel of the winner of the 1950 Nobel Prize for Literature is not in itself merely a modern parallel to the Christ-story. Christ does appear as a Corporal among the ranks of the French Army during World War I; yet this is not where the value of this book by William Faulkner lies. Rather it is in the gospel which he himself is preaching.

Amid a background of roaring guns man goes on relentlessly fighting the war of a system; yet it is but one link in the totality of War which has gone on since time began, enduring forever, through which man also will endure, but more, prevail. This, in a very general sense, is the theme of the novel, and the Christ-story is a vehicle with which the message may be conveyed to the reader through a familiar medium. For the Corporal is not the Son of a Spiritual God; he is the illegitimate son of the Grand Marshal of France and an illiterate Lebanese peasant woman. The Marshal signifies glory, power, wealth, influence; the Corporal's mother signifies man in his most tragically innocent form. Thus the Corporal is half-Man, half-Military. Here lies the conflict with which Faulkner con-

cerns himself. But his Corporal forsakes glory, power, wealth, and influence for the sake of the gospel of brotherhood among men, is executed by a Negro firing squad. Thus he is not the son of the Son of the Christian God. The corporal is the Son of Earthly Man. With this in mind, rather than the expectation that we will close the book with a more vivid picture of the meaning of Christ's teachings in the present, or that we will enter into a new life of renewed Christian faith, we will see *A Fable* develop into another masterpiece of Faulknerian genius.

To get to the main plot of the story, *A Fable* is concerned with the temporary armistice which occurred a few months before the end of World War I. At the instigation of Corporal Brzewski and twelve of his followers, a French regiment, upon the order to attack, throws down its arms and walks toward the enemy lines to be met on the battlefield by unarmed German soldiers who themselves have been exposed to the corporal—how, nobody knows. The mutinying regiment is arrested and their commanding officer requests that the men be executed. Meanwhile, the war comes to an abrupt standstill and a German general flies to confer with the allied commanders, all

deciding that the outcome of a war cannot be decided by such a unified effort of the common soldier, but only by the political leaders of the earth, for to them war must always exist as an outlet for the problems of nations. Hence, any future exhibition will be dealt with severely.

When the German general flies back, Corporal Brzewski is brought before a board of allied commanders where a British officer recognizes him as a Private Boggan, killed at Mons in 1914. An American officer swears he saw him buried at sea in 1917. It is decided that the corporal will be executed at dawn with an idiot and a thief. Later, after a somewhat harsh and unconvincing Last Supper during which the second disciple deserts his leader, the Marshal, already identified as the corporal's father, takes his son upon a high hill overlooking the battlefield and gives him a chance to forsake all he has taught for his liberty. When the Corporal refuses, the Marshal offers him freedom, then the earth (by publicly recognizing him as his son), then life. The corporal refuses all.

The next day the corporal is executed, the bullets knocking over the stake he is tied to so that his body falls into a rubbish heap, a strand of barbed wire encircling his head. His

mother, father, and his prostitute wife take the body to their farm and bury it in the side of a hill, where it is blown apart in the renewed barrage, leaving no trace of the body, only splinters from the coffin. The corpse, however, turns up in another farmyard, and after some skillful manipulation ends up in the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Verdun. Thus the Son of Man is resurrected for posterity, underneath the Arch de Triomphe.

The most confusing personality in *A Fable* is the central character, the Marshal, commander of the allied forces. He is a Pilate, Caesar, the Devil, and God, all in one. Fantastic family power and influence could have brought him to the rank of general at the age of 35; moral austerity made him request a post commanding unruly soldiers in Africa; with his intellect he passed through military academy with top honors; yet he resigned for a time to a Tibetan monastery before returning to France at the beginning of the war to control the armies as a modern Caesar. He is the rightful father of the corporal; in this sense he is God. When he offers the corporal lib-

erty, freedom, the earth and life, he is the Devil tempting the Son of Man. Yet he is Pontius Pilate, and gives up the whole affair. But for the purpose of the novel and the message Faulkner brings, the Marshal is the epitome of the political monsters whose calling is to keep the world in continuous, blood-letting battle.

"It wasn't we who invented war, it was war which created us. From the loins of man's ineradicable greed sprang the captain's and the colonel's to his necessity. We are his responsibility. He shall not shirk it." The Marshal is Authority.

The corporal is man's innocence, and this is why Faulkner brings in the personality of Jesus as Corporal Brzewski, and in doing so he handles it very wisely. For rather than attempt to rephrase the sayings of one of the greatest teachers of all time, he never has the corporal say more than one sentence, and even then it does not exceed five words. Rather, his teachings and the teachings of Faulkner are put into the mouths of a runner, and a Negro parson, Tobe Sutterfield. The runner is a private who was once an officer, but who

forsook his bars when he realized the evil under the surface of modernized civilization. In this state of mind he comes under the influence of the corporal. The parson is a partner in a horse-stealing story probably brought in for relief from the intensity of the novel. But it is the runner's dialogues which are the most inspiring, the most fascinating, and the most valuable in the book. "Because—don't you see? They can't have this. They can't permit this, to stop it all yet, let alone allow it to stop in this way—."

What stands out above all in *A Fable* is the almost complete lack of Spiritual Divinity. Tobe Sutterfield talks of God, but very remotely. The corporal performs no miracles, has no contact with a spiritual God, and his message to the world is not one of salvation by the forgiveness of individual sins through suffering; but that the common man, the common soldier can do more than endure throughout endless turmoil. The corporal's sacrifice is a stepping stone upon which man can leave the present system of sin behind him and climb to a brotherhood never before thought possible.

THE BIG BALL OF WAX. Shepherd Mead. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.

An attempt to delineate a rosy fantasy of what life could be with synthetic sensations substituted for actual experience, a satire of life today, a rather overdone sketch of life in 1993—this is Shepherd Mead's offering. Subtitled *A Story of Tomorrow's Happy World*, this book is a combination of caricatures of present-day situations, oversensuous experiences, and the ordinary details of a businessman's life which have not changed in thirty-nine years although everything else has. The book is another of this year's crop of second-rate science fantasies.

A.D.

Comment in Print...

assumption of the right to censor. This would be highly unfortunate, but it might happen.

Some day there may not be a person willing to advise the *Quarterly* and thereby put himself in an ambiguous and vulnerable spot. Then the Q will die, for Recognized Student Activities requires that every student group have an advisor.

These problems must be solved. They affect the fibre of the university; in their present condition they weaken that fibre.

WHAT TO DO?

To end the ambiguity and possible censorship of student publications, Mr. Mather should first abolish the requirement for advisors.

Second, he should abandon his job as censor, and admit that truth will make its own way best under its own power.

Third, he should admit the university's power to censor, but he should make a public declaration that censorship in basis and principle is bad, and therefore the university administration will not employ pre- or postpublication editing.

Meanwhile we must fight for literary freedom. We don't have to snipe at the administration from our Mem Hall offices, and the *Collegian* doesn't have to attack the present policies and lack thereof at every opening.

However, education is a wonderful thing, and perhaps we can teach the school—and the president—something about censorship. Apparently, to judge from his insistence on the use of the word "review", even college presidents can learn that college can be an educational experience.

* * *

The *Quarterly's* new advisor is Richard Haven. Mr. Haven replaces H. Leland Varley, to whom this issue is dedicated.

More than a new advisor has the Q. Theoretically speaking, the mag also has a new set of editors. In reality, that's not so.

Erwin Pally, a frequent contributor, moves up from prose editor to editor-in-chief. He succeeds Sam Kaplan, who switches places with Pally and now heads the prose department. Lorna Regolsky retains the poetry editorship. The same three, hence, are editors—a big shuffle, but the same hand.

* * *

With this issue—probably the biggest in Q history—two features return to the magazine. For the first time in three years book reviews and photographs are part of the contents.

Several book publishers have contributed books for review: two of these are printed within. At the end of the year the Q will present the books to sorely small Goodell.

Tom Smith has singlehandedly accounted for the photos. He gave us the picture of himself, took the shot of Lorna Regolsky (on Lorna's Page), and was the artist who photographed the Campus at Night portfolio which runs in the middle of the magazine.

Smith is a vet who snapped pictures for the Marine Corps, and also was Marine Atlantic division wrestling champ in the 137 lb. bracket. He wrestles for



(Continued from Page 2)

the university squad.

He is also photog for the *Index* and the *Collegian*: he free lances, has had material in the alumni magazine, Boston papers, and—this is the best we can do—elsewhere.

Besides all this he majors in chemical engineering. Luckily only a sophomore, he'll be around for two more years. The Q will carry more Smith photo features in later editions.

* * *

Campus at Night, by the way, so impressed *Index* editor Ira Nottonson that he asked the Q if he could use them in the annual.

Happy to help out other harassed publications, we consented, and the Campus at Night shots will also appear in more permanent form in the *Index*.

* * *

Speaking of publications, we have been delighted in the past few years with some twisted sentences and misplaced words the *Collegian* has run.

Last year was particularly memorable, what with a picture of a "blazer, sitting on the steps of Mem Hall" and a story reporting that "World War III will be fought in Bowker tonight at 8 p.m."

The best this year came at the time of the cheating meetings, when the major story announced in the first sentence that "recommendations . . . for establishing a uniform program for dishonesty were presented at a faculty-student meeting."

No one has ever concluded which of the two (faculty or students) wanted uniform cheating procedures, although it seems obvious that teachers

would be for it for simplicity and students for it on the grounds of equality of opportunity.

Cheating, though we here write of it jocularly, is a serious problem. In part it is a result of the monumental emphasis put on marks by teachers and parents, and probably stems from that part of our culture called "free enterprise" or untrammelled competition.

Parents are probably the hardest pushers of good mark-getting. But whatever the cause, this letter from a freshman in high school speaks eloquently, we think, for the sad stress on grades. On first reading it we

were hysterical with disbelief, but we became appalled when we considered what it all meant.

Here is an excerpt from that letter:

"My second problem—SCHOOL. I'm dropping from first to third honors. My biology will stay A and my Latin will stay B, but English and Geometry are dropping from A's to B's which is rather terrible to say the least. We had a geometry test Tuesday and I got an A plus but that didn't do any good. My other marks were C plus, B plus, A minus, AND then the A plus and Mr. Smith won't stretch it to a low A minus. My English has been

terrrible this marking period. We had two compositions on "THE ODYSSEY" and they ruined everything. I got a B minus on the first one and a B on the second one. Yesterday, I got my book report back on "REBECCA" with a nice big beautiful A on it, and do you know how much good it did me . . . absolutely NONE. It wouldn't have mattered if I got an A, B, or C on it; my mark is still a B. The geometry worked the same way. Oh well, there's nothing I can do about it now. I'll just have to buckle down and do some good hard work."

Yes, just buckle down and do some good—hard—work.

Two Poems

Barbara Smith

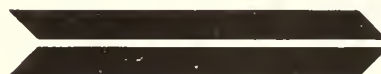
Morning

Body stirs: though the nest is warm and safe
And comfort struggles dully to be left
To its coiled peace, its very struggles chafe
The soul to life: and sleep's arms are bereft
As body stirs, reluctant eyes still shut.
The room too lies in darkness, curtains drawn.
But day now lives, its natal cord is cut.
The pain-starred night brings forth a wailing dawn.
Gray morning glow creeps in through window cracks.
Familiar objects reassume their shape.
As time plods round and round his wonted tracks
And leaves the inert body no escape.
The morning's come, though night has been too short:
The day looms long, and far night's safe resort.

Love's Awareness

Sunlight shifting through the golden shade of leaves
Now past the flame and fading-careless wanderers
Of a secret path, we walk through silence and
The calm of aftermath—calm, for none grieves
The past or future here. Each present moment
Has its chance at life, weight given to each grain of sand.
We too are here without regret or hope.
We seize each glistening speck of time; his hand
On mine, we fan the tiny spark to leaping glow.
Now peace lies sweet within us, but the poor world grieves
Alike for tarnished souls and faded leaves.

THE WINNER
of the
QUARTERLY'S
1954-55
HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY CONTEST



THOU SHALT LIVE AGAIN

Barbara Dobravolsky

Millis High School

Johnny was home. It certainly felt good after all those months, first in Korea and then in a hospital. That is, almost good. Johnny wasn't quite sure he wanted to be home. What could he do! He would never go back to his job at the office. They wouldn't want him. And he didn't like being dependent on Mom. Dad's insurance had left her pretty well off. Johnny had helped a little, too. Mom hadn't liked it, but he had persisted. Now there was nothing.

"Here you are, Sergeant. An' welcome home."

"Thanks, driver. How much —?"

The cabby grinned. "Don't worry. I been taken care of. Watch your step."

Yes, watch your step, Johnny. How long have you been hearing that? Ever since you first started to walk, eh? Well, watch your—whoops, there I go now.

With a shrug, Johnny grasped his bag and stepped to the sidewalk. After a moment's hesitation, he advanced up the neat, flower-bordered walk. Carefully he climbed the four well-remembered porch steps, and slowly he walked to the door. After a bit of fumbling, Johnny pushed the doorbell and waited. Presently he heard approaching footsteps, and his heart skipped a beat. That would be Mom.

Johnny was suddenly engulfed in a pair of loving arms. He felt his mother's tears on his own face. Maybe they were his, too. Then she was leading him inside.

"Oh, Johnny, why didn't you call us? We'd have come down to the station to get you." She sounded a bit hysterical.

"I couldn't, Mom. The doctors told me to come home without any help. Gee, it's wonderful to be back. But say! where is everybody?"

He had spoken too soon. Their voices must have been heard because somewhere a door slammed. Then a scurrying of feet and finally, a screech of joy. "Uncle Johnny! It's Uncle Johnny!"

"Hi, Jeannie. Where's Joan?"

"Why, I'm Joan. Jean hasn't come down yet. Can't you tell the difference any more?"

Johnny started to speak, but his mother interfered.

"Of course he can, dear. But it's been so long. You've changed. Now run along, like good girls."

Jean had come running, and together the twins chorused, "But Gramma, we want to talk with Uncle Johnny."

"Not now, children. Your uncle is tired. You can see him later."

Frowning angrily the twelve-year-olds stamped outdoors. A smile of thanks lit up Johnny's face. With an arm around her waist, he and his mother wandered into the living room.

"Clair has gone to visit Ralph's parents. She wants to be with them till Ralph is discharged. He's stationed there now, you know. The twins are staying here until Clair and Ralph send for them."

"Well, son, would you like to go to your room and rest awhile? I . . ."

"Wait, Mom. Sit down, please. There's something I want to say." When his request had been fulfilled he continued with, "I'm not going to be dependent on you. I can't ask Sherry to marry me, either. It's not fair to her or you to have to take care of me. I guess I can find a place somewhere and get along all right."

"But, Johnny. . . ." interrupted Mrs. Wallace.

"I'll still visit you." Johnny went on firmly, disregarding the interruption. "But I just don't feel right about living here. You aren't exactly rich, you know. I'll be okay and maybe someday things will change."

Behind him Johnny caught the soft rustle of a skirt. He whirled and peered intently into black, frightening darkness. The pleasing scent of perfume was wafted to his nostrils, and he gave a start. Only one person that he knew wore that perfume. It must be—

"Sherry!"

"Johnny! Oh, my darling!"

Sherry's arms went about her fiance as he held her close. Then she pushed him away and gazed at him admiringly.

"Your hair, I swear is darker. Your face is

pale, but that's because you were ill. Oh my dearest, it's good to be in your arms again."

"Sherry. Sherry, darlin', I — I want to explain something."

"Hush, sweetheart, don't. I'm afraid I'm an eavesdropper. I heard everything. And there's something I must tell you, Mr. Wallace."

"Sherry!" Johnny cried surprisedly.

"Now you just sit down. Here." Sherry had assumed a stern air. "Listen to me, Mr. Wallace. Just what do you mean you won't marry me? You promised me you would, and you'll keep your word. Also, you, or rather, we'll live here with your mother. While you're in work I can take care of the house. Wait a moment," as Johnny started to interrupt.

But Johnny wasn't to be stopped. Reaching upward, he grabbed Sherry's arms. Pulling her to the seat beside him, he demanded, "Who do you think is going to hire ME? And what do you mean by calling me mister. Answer me that," he shouted.

"All right, Johnny," Sherry said calmly. "You

needn't holler so. I'll tell you. Your old boss is hiring you back. He said you knew enough about the business to be of great help to him. And I'm calling you mister because you're so stubborn. I hope you're happy!"

Johnny's arms went lax. "Forgive me, Sherry. Believe me, I'm not happy. I'm so mixed up. Maybe I'm just no good for you."

"Johnny, no! You're wonderful, and I love you." Sherry was suddenly crying happily.

"Oh Johnny, a person doesn't need eyes to work and love. That's what's bothering you I know. But eyes aren't everything. And anyway, you can get a pair of new eyes from the hospital. Didn't you know?"

"Yes," Johnny choked. "But I didn't much believe it."

"You big, overgrown dope. Johnny, please say you love me. I do so love you."

With a smile of contentment, Mrs. Wallace climbed the stairs to her room. There were going to be many plans to take care of.

START PLANNING YOUR 1955 VACATION NOW!

Travel and study ABROAD

Earn full college credit and enjoy a thrilling trip through Europe or around the world via TWA—take up to 20 months to pay with TWA's "Time Pay Plan"!

See all the sights. Live in London, Paris, Geneva or Rome and study from 2 to 6 weeks at an accredited university. You do both during one trip on a university-sponsored tour via TWA—world leader in educational air travel. And you can take up to 20 months to pay with TWA's new "Time Pay Plan."

Choose a tour dealing with a special field such as music, art, languages—visit the Orient or go around the world. Special arrangements for sabbatical-year travelers. See these trips in TWA's film, "Air Adventure to Europe," now available for adult-group presentation free of charge (except shipping costs). *Mail the coupon now!*



Fly the finest... FLY TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
U.S.A. • EUROPE • AFRICA • ASIA

I am also interested in:

Sabbatical-Year

Travel ☐

TWA's "Time

Pay Plan" ☐

Film, "Air Adventure
to Europe" ☐

John H. Furbay, Ph.D., Director, TWA Air World Tours
Dept. CM, 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me information on the Flying Educational Tours to be offered in 1955.

Name _____ Position _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____ Phone No. _____

C & C Package Store, Inc.

catering especially to
poets, authors, and artists

Next to the Town Hall

LOUIS FOODS

NORTH PLEASANT STREET
AMHERST

Musante's Flower Shop

(New Location)

65 NORTH PLEASANT STREET

FLOWERS & CORSAGES
for Every Campus Occasion

St. Regis

GOOD FOOD AT PRICES
YOU CAN AFFORD.

Enjoy both
sides of smoking
pleasure!



Feel that mildness

NOV 30 1976

UNIV. OF MASS.
ARCHIVES

Taste that flavor—



that's a *Cavalier!*



LIGHT UP a king-size Cavalier and you *learn* why so many smart college people are shifting to Cavaliers. Yes, Cavaliers give you mildness where it really counts . . . in the feel of the smoke.

You know Cavaliers are extra mild because the smoke feels so mild, so light, smooth and easy-going. And tastes so good . . . so fine and lastingly refreshing. Join the thousands who are enjoying extra mildness and superb flavor in king-size Cavaliers! Get some today!

Off campus, or on . . . Try king-size Cavaliers, and feel that Cavalier mildness, so smooth and light! See if you

don't agree with thousands of smokers who compared king-size Cavaliers with the cigarettes they'd been smoking.

See why, among thousands of smokers interviewed . . .

**8 OUT OF 10 SAID
CAVALIERS ARE Milder!**



CAVALIERS ARE KING-SIZE
yet priced no higher than leading regular-size brands. Why not graduate to Cavaliers?

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.